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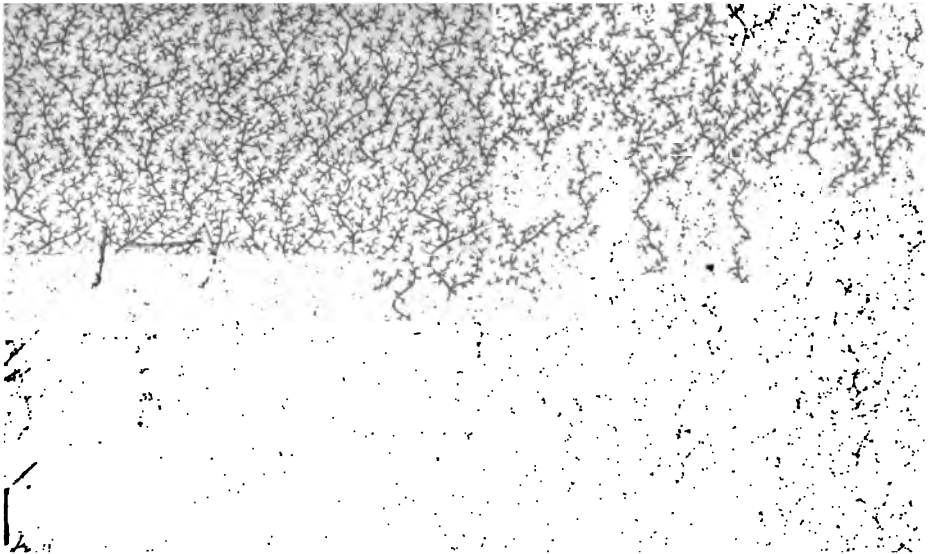

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POPE.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE,

WITH HIS LAST

CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,

AND

IMPROVEMENTS.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. WARBURTON.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

VOL. I.

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LENOX AND
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CONTENTS.

Life of Pope - - - -	3
Preface - - - -	57
Recommendatory Poems - -	71
Pastorals, with a Discourse on Pastoral Poetry	93
Messiah - - -	122
Windsor Forest - -	127
Sappho to Phaon - -	145
Eloisa to Abelard - -	156
Two Choruses to the Tragedy of Brutus	171
Elegy to the memory of an Unfortunate Lady	176
Prologue to Mr. Addison's Tragedy of Cato	180
Epilogue to Mr. Rowe's Jane Shore -	183
The Temple of Fame - -	186

FROM C. D. DEC 1915

THE LIFE

OF

ALEXANDER POPE.

THIS illustrious poet was born at London, in 1688, and was descended from a good family of that name in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the Earl of Lindsey. His father, a man of primitive simplicity and integrity of manners, was a merchant of London, who, upon the revolution, quitted trade, and converted his effects into money, amounting to near 10,000l. with which he retired into the country, and died in 1717, at the age of seventy-five.

Our poet's mother, who lived to a very advanced age, being ninety-three years old when she died, in 1733, was the daughter of William Turner, Esq. of York. She had three brothers, one of whom was killed; another died in the service of King Charles; and the eldest, following his fortunes, and becoming

a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after sequestration and forfeitures of her family. To these circumstances our poet alludes, in his Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, in which he mentions his parents.

> Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
> While yet in Britain honour had applause)
> Each parent sprang What fortune, pray?....Their own;
> And better got than Bestia's from the throne.
> Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
> Nor marrying discord in a noble wife;
> Stranger to civil and religious rage,
> The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age:
> No courts he saw, no suits would ever try;
> Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie:
> Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolmen's subtle art,
> No language but the language of the heart:
> By nature honest, by experience wise,
> Healthy by temp'rance and by exercise;
> His life, tho' long, to sickness pass'd unknown,
> His death was instant, and without a groan.

The education of our great author was attended with circumstances very singular, and some of them extremely unfavourable; but the amazing force of his genius fully compensated the want of any advantage in his earliest instruction. He owed the knowledge

of his letters to an aunt; and having learned very early to read, took great delight in it, and taught himself to write by copying after printed books, the characters of which he would imitate to great perfection. He began to compose verses farther back than he could well remember; and, at eight years of age, when he was put under one Taverner, a priest, who taught him the rudiments of the Latin and Greek tongues at the same time, he met with Ogilby's Homer, which gave him great delight; and this was increased by Sandy's Ovid. The raptures which these authors, even in the disguise of such translations, then yielded him were so strong, that he spoke of them with pleasure ever after.

From Mr. Taverner's tuition he was sent to a private school at Twiford, near Winchester, where he continued about a year, and was then removed to another near Hyde-Park Corner; but was so unfortunate as to lose under his two last masters what he had acquired under the first.

While he remained at this school, being permitted to go to the play-house with some of his school-fellows of a more advanced age, he was so charmed with dramatic representations, that he formed the translation of the Iliad into a play, from several of the speeches in Ogilby's translation, connected with verses of his own; and the several parts were performed by the

upper boys of the school, except that of Ajax by the master's gardener. At the age of twelve, our young poet went with his father to reside at his house at Binfield, in Windsor Forest, where he was, for a few months, under the tuition of another priest, with as little success as before; so that he resolved now to become his own master, by reading those classic writers which gave him most entertainment; and by this method, at fifteen, he gained a ready habit in the learned languages, to which he soon after added the French and Italian. Upon his retreat to the forest, he became first acquainted with the writings of Waller, Spenser, and Dryden; in the last of which he immediately found what he wanted, and the poems of that excellent writer were never out of his hands; they became his model, and from them alone he learned the whole magic of his versification.

The first of our author's compositions now extant in print is an "Ode on Solitude," written before he was twelve years old; which, considered as the production of so early an age, is a perfect master-piece; nor need he have been ashamed of it, had it been written in the meridian of his genius: while it breathes the most delicate spirit of poetry, it at the same time demonstrates his love of solitude, and the rational pleasures which attend the retreats of a contented country life.

Two years after this he translated the first book of "Statius's Thebais," and wrote a copy of verses on Silence, in imitation of the Earl of Rochester's poem on Nothing. Thus we find him no sooner capable of holding the pen than he employed it in writing verses:

"[illegible]p'd in numbers, for the numbers came."

Though we have had frequent opportunity to observe that poets have given early displays of genius, yet we cannot recollect that, amongst the inspired tribe, one can be found who, at the age of twelve, could produce so animated an ode, or, at the age of fourteen, translate from the Latin. It has been reported, indeed, concerning Mr. Dryden, that when he was at Westminster school, the master, who had assigned a poetical task to some of the boys, of writing a paraphrase on our Saviour's miracle of turning water into wine, was perfectly astonished when young Dryden presented him with the following line, which he asserted was the best comment that could be written upon it:

The conscious water saw its God, and blush'd.

This was the only instance of an early appearance of genius in this great man, for he was turned of thirty before he acquired any reputation; an age in which Mr. Pope's was in its full distinction.

The year following that in which Mr. Pope wrote his poem on "Silence," he began an epic poem, entitled "Alcander," which he afterwards very judiciously committed to the flames, as he did likewise a comedy and a tragedy, the latter taken from a story in the legend of St. Genevieve, both of these being the product of those early days: but his pastorals, which were written when he was only sixteen years of age, were esteemed by Sir William Trumbull, Mr. Granville, Mr. Wycherley, Mr. Walsh, and others of his friends, too valuable to be condemned to the same fate.

During this period of his life he was indefatigably diligent, and insatiably curious. Wanting health for violent, and money for expensive pleasures, and having excited in himself very strong desires of intellectual eminence, he spent much of his time over his books; but he read only to store his mind with facts and images, seizing all that his authors presented with undistinguishing voracity, and with an appetite for knowledge too eager to be nice. In a mind like his, however, all the faculties were at once involuntarily improving. Judgment is forced upon us by experience. He that reads many books must compare one opinion or one style with another; and, when he compares, must necessarily distinguish, reject, and prefer. But the account given by himself of his studies

was, that from fourteen to twenty he read only for amusement, from twenty to twenty-seven for improvement and instruction; that in the first part of this time he desired only to know, and in the second he endeavoured to judge.

The three great writers of pastoral dialogue, which Mr. Pope in some measure seems to imitate, are Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser. Mr. Pope is of opinion that Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity.

That Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines on his original; and in all points in which judgment has the principal part, is much superior to his master.

That among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso, in his Aminta, has far excelled all the pastoral writers, as in his Gierusalemme he has outdone the epic poets of his own country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the pastoral comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil; but this he said before Mr. Pope's Pastorals appeared.

Mr. Walsh pronounces on our Shepherd's Boy, a Mr. Pope called himself, the following judgment, in a letter to Mr. Wycherley.

"The verses are very tender and easy. The au "thor seems to have a particular genius for this kin "of poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds th "years you told me he was of. It is no flattery at a "to say, that Virgil had written nothing so good a "his age. I shall take it as a favour if you will brin "me acquainted with him; and if he will give him "self the trouble any morning to call at my house, "shall be very glad to read the verses with him, an "give him my opinion of the particulars more largel "ly than I can well do in this letter."

Thus early was Mr. Pope introduced to the ac quaintance of men of genius, and so improved ever advantage, that he made a more rapid progress to wards a consummation in fame, than any of our Eng lish poets. His Messiah, his Windsor Forest, th first part of which was written at the same time wit his Pastorals, and his Essay on Criticism in 170 were highly received.

In 1712 he wrote the "Rape of the Lock," occa sioned by a frolic of gallantry, rather too familiar, which Lord Petre cut off a lock of Mrs. Arabella Fe mor's hair. This, whether by stealth or violence, w

resented, that the commerce of the two famifore very friendly, was interrupted.

"Rape of the Lock" stands forward in the of literature, as the most exquisite example of poetry. Berkeley congratulated him upon lay of powers more truly poetical than he had before; with elegance of description and justprecepts, he had now exhibited boundless fer- invention.

poem established his poetical character in manner, that he was called upon by the public o enrich our language with the translation of iad," which he began at twenty-five, and exe- five years. This was published for his own by subscription, the only kind of reward which ived for his writings, which do honour to our l country.

e success of his subscription Pope was relieved ose pecuniary distresses with which, notwithg his popularity, he had hitherto struggled.— xford had often lamented his disqualification lic employment, but never proposed a pension. the translation of "Homer" was in its pro- Mr. Craggs, then secretary of state, offered to him a pension, which, at least during his mimight be enjoyed with secrecy. This was not d by Pope, who told him, however, that if he

should be pressed for want of money, he would send to him for occasional supplies. Craggs was not long in power, and was never solicited for money by Pope, who disdained to beg what he did not want.

With the product of this subscription, which he had too much discretion to squander, he secured his future life from want, by considerable annuities. The estate of the Duke of Buckingham was found to have been charged with five hundred pounds a year, payable to Pope, which doubtless his translation enabled him to purchase.

The original copy of the "Iliad" was obtained by Lord Bolingbroke as a curiosity, from whom it descended to Mr. Mallet, and is now, by the solicitation of the late Dr. Maty, deposited in the British Museum. Between this manuscript, which is written upon accidental fragments of paper, and the printed edition, there must have been an intermediate copy, which was probably destroyed as it returned from the press.

The reputation of Mr. Pope gaining every day upon the world, he was caressed, flattered, and railed at, according as he was feared or loved by different persons. Mr. Wycherley was among the first authors of established reputation who contributed to advance his fame, and with whom he for some time lived in the *most unreserved* intimacy. This poet, in his old age,

conceived a design of publishing his poems; and as he was but a very imperfect master of numbers, he intrusted his manuscripts to Mr. Pope, and submitted them to his correction. The freedom which our young bard was under a necessity to use, in order to polish and refine what was in the original rough, unharmonious, and indelicate, proved disgustful to the old gentleman, then near seventy, who, perhaps, was a little ashamed that one so young should so severely correct his works. Letters of dissatisfaction were written by Mr. Wycherley, and at last he informed him, in a few words, that he was going out of town, without mentioning to what place, and did not expect to hear from him till he came back. This cold indifference extorted from Mr. Pope a protestation, that nothing should induce him ever to write to him again. Notwithstanding this peevish behaviour of Mr. Wycherley, occasioned by jealousy and infirmities, Mr. Pope preserved a constant respect and reverence for him while he lived, and after his death lamented him. In a letter to Edward Blount, Esq. written immediately on the death of this poet, he has there related some anecdotes of Wycherley, which we shall here insert.

"DEAR SIR,

"I know of nothing that will be so interesting to "*you at present* as some circumstances of the last act

" of that eminent comic poet, and our friend, Wy-
" cherley. He had often told me, as I doubt not he
" did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as
" soon as his life was despaired of: accordingly, a few
" days before his death, he underwent the ceremony,
" and joined together those two sacraments, which
" wise men say, should be the last we receive; for, if
" you observe, matrimony is placed after extreme
" unction in our catechism, as a kind of hint of the
" order of time in which they are to be taken. The
" old man then lay down, satisfied in the conscience
" of having, by this one act, paid his just debts, and
" obliged a woman, who, he was told, had merit, and
" shown an heroic resentment of the ill usage of his
" next heir. Some hundred pounds which he had
" with the lady discharged those debts; a jointure of
" four hundred a year made her a recompense; and
" the nephew he left to comfort himself, as well as he
" could, with the miserable remains of a mortgaged
" estate. I saw our friend twice after this was done,
" less peevish in his sickness than he used to be in hi
" health, neither much afraid of dying, nor (whi
" in him had been more likely) much ashamed
" marrying. The evening before he expired he call
" his young wife to the bed-side, and earnestly e
" treated her not to deny him one request, the last
" should ever make: upon her assurance of consen

" to it, he told her, " My dear, it is only this, that " you will never marry an old man again." I cannot " help remarking, that sickness, which often destroys " both wit and wisdom, yet seldom has power to re- " move that talent we call humour: Mr. Wycherley " showed this even in this last compliment; though I " think his request a little hard; for why should he " bar her from doubling her jointure on the same easy " terms?"

One of the most affecting and tender compositions of Mr. Pope is his " Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady," built on a true story. We are informed in the Life of Pope, for which Curl obtained a patent, that this young lady was a particular favourite of the poet, though it is not ascertained whether he himself was the person from whom she was removed. This young lady was of very high birth, possessed an opulent fortune, and under the tutelage of an uncle, who gave her an education suitable to her titles and pretensions. She was esteemed a match for the greatest peer in the realm, but in her early years she suffered her heart to be engaged by a young gentleman, and, in consequence of this attachment, rejected offers made to her by persons of quality, seconded by the solicitations of her uncle. Her guardian, being surprised at this behaviour, set spies upon

her, to find out the real cause of her indifference. Her correspondence with her lover was soon discovered, and when urged upon that topic, she had too much truth and honour to deny it. The uncle, finding that she would make no efforts to disengage her affection, after a little time forced her abroad, where she was received with a ceremony due to her quality, but restricted from the conversation of every one but the spies of this severe guardian, so that it was impossible for her lover even to have a letter delivered into her hands. She languished in this place a considerable time, bore an infinite deal of sickness, and was overwhelmed with the profoundest sorrow. Nature being wearied out with continual distress, and being driven at last to despair, the unfortunate lady, as Mr. Pope justly calls her, put an end to her own life, having bribed a maid-servant to procure her a sword. She was found upon the ground weltering in her blood. The severity of the laws of the place, where this fair unfortunate perished, denied her christian burial, and she was interred without solemnity, or even any attendants to perform the last offices of the dead, except some young people of the neighbourhood, who saw her put into common ground, and strewed the grave with flowers.

The poet, in the elegy, takes occasion to mingle with the tears of sorrow, just reproaches upon her cruel uncle, who drove her to this violation.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou base betrayer of a brother's blood!
See on those ruby lips the trembling breath,
Those cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
Lifeless the breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.

The conclusion of this elegy is irresistibly affecting.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
Which once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame;
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

No poem of our author's more deservedly obtained him reputation than his Essay on Criticism. Mr. Addison, in his Spectator, No. 253, has celebrated it with such profuse terms of admiration, that it is really astonishing to find the same man endeavouring afterwards to diminish that fame he had contributed to raise so high.

"The Art of Criticism," says he, "which was published some months ago, is a master-piece in its

" kind. The observations follow one another, like " those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that me- " thodical regularity which would have been requisite " in a prose writer. They are some of them uncom- " mon, but such as the reader must assent to when he " sees them explained with that elegance and perspi- " cuity with which they are delivered. As for those " which are the most known, and the most received, " they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustra- " ted with such apt allusions, that they have in them " all the graces of novelty, and make the reader, who " was before acquainted with them, still more con- " vinced of their truth and solidity. And here give " me leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so " well enlarged upon in the preface to his works, that " wit and fine writing do not consist so much in ad- " vancing things that are new, as in giving things that " are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for " us, who live in the latter ages of the world, to make " observations in criticism, morality, or any art and " science, which have not been touched upon by others. " We have little else left us but to represent the com- " mon sense of mankind in more strong, more beauti- " ful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader exa- " mines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find but few " precepts in it which he may not meet with in Aris- " *totle, and which* were not commonly known by all

"the poets of the Augustan age. His way of express-
"ing and applying them, not his invention of them, is
"what we are chiefly to admire.

"Longinus, in his Reflections, has given us the
"same kind of sublime which he observes in the seve-
"ral passages which occasioned them. I cannot but
"take notice that our English author has, after the
"same manner, exemplified several of his precepts
"in the very precepts themselves." He then produces some instances of a particular kind of beauty in the numbers, and concludes with saying, "That we have
"three poems in our tongue of the same nature, and
"each a master-piece in its kind; the Essay on Trans-
"lated Verse, the Essay on the Art of Poetry, and the
"Essay on Criticism."

Addison and Pope were now at the head of poetry and criticism; and both in such a state of elevation, that, like the two rivals in the Roman state, one could no longer bear an equal, nor the other a superior. Of the gradual abatement of kindness between friends, the beginning is often scarcely discernible by themselves, and the process is continued by petty provocations, and incivilities sometimes peevishly returned, and sometimes contemptuously neglected, which would escape all attention but that of pride, and drop from my memory but that of resentment. That the quarel of these two wits should be minutely deduced is not

to be expected; however, we shall mention s
cumstances as are the most material.

The author of Mist's Journal positively
"that Mr. Addison raised Pope from obscur
"tained him the acquaintance and friend
"the whole body of our nobility, and transfe
"powerful influence with those great men
"rising bard, who frequently levied, by that
"unusual contributions on the public."

When this charge of ingratitude and dishon
published against Mr. Pope, to acquit himself
called upon any nobleman whose friendship, or
gentleman whose subscription, Mr. Addison h
cured to our author, to stand forth and declare
truth might appear. But the whole libel was
a malicious story by many persons of distinctio
several years before Mr. Addison's decease, a
those verses denominated a libel, but which
is said, a friendly rebuke, sent privately in our
own hand, to Mr. Addison himself, and neve
public till by Curl, in his Miscellanies, 12m
The lines, indeed, are elegantly satirical, and
opinion of many unprejudiced judges, who had
tunities of knowing the character of Mr. Addi
no ill representation of him. Speaking of the
triflers of the times, who had declared against
makes a sudden transition to Addison.

Peace to all such! But were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires,
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no rival near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, others teach to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools; by flatterers besieg'd;
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd.
Like Cato give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise.
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be!
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!

Some readers may think these lines severe, but the treatment he received from Mr. Addison was more than sufficient to justify them, which will appear when we particularize an interview between these two poetical antagonists, procured by the warm solicitations

of Sir Richard Steele, who was present at it, as well as Mr. Gray.

Mr. Jervas being one day in company with Mr. Addison, the conversation turned upon Mr. Pope, for whom Addison, at that time, expressed the highest regard, and assured Mr. Jervas that he would make use not only of his interest, but of his art likewise, to do Mr. Pope service. He then said, he did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at court; and protested, notwithstanding many insinuations were spread, that it should not be his fault if there was not the best understanding and intelligence between them. He observed, that Dr. Swift might have carried him too far among the enemy during the animosity, but now all was safe, and Mr. Pope, in his opinion, was escaped. When Mr. Jervas communicated this conversation to Mr. Pope, he made this reply: "The friendly office you "endeavour to do between Mr. Addison and me de- "serves acknowledgments on my part. You thorough- "ly know my regard to his character, and my readi- "ness to testify it by all ways in my power; you also "thoroughly knew the meanness of that proceeding "of Mr. Phillips, to make a man I so highly value "suspect my disposition towards him. But as, after "all, Mr. Addison must be judge in what regards him- "self, and as he has seemed not to be a very just one "to me, so I must own to you I expect nothing but

"civility from him, how much soever I wish for his "friendship; and, as for any offers of real kindness "or service, which it is in his power to do me, I should "be ashamed to receive them from a man who has no "better opinion of my morals than to think me a "party man; nor of my temper than to believe me "capable of maligning or envying another's reputa- "tion as a poet. In a word, Mr. Addison is sure of "my respect at all times, and of my real friendship, "whenever he shall think fit to know me for what I "am."

Some years after this conversation, at the desire of Sir Richard Steele, they met. At first, a very cold civility, and nothing else, appeared on either side; for Mr. Addison had a natural reserve and gloom at the beginning of an evening, which, by conversation and a glass, brightened into an easy chearfulness. Sir Richard Steele, who was a most social, benevolent man, begged of him to fulfil his promise, in dropping all animosity against Mr. Pope. Mr. Pope then desired to be made sensible how he had offended, and observed, that the translation of Homer, if that was the great crime, was undertaken at the request, and almost at the command, of Sir Richard Steele. He entreated Mr. Addison to speak candidly and freely, though it might be with ever so much severity, rather than, by keeping up forms of complaisance, conceal

any of his faults. This Mr. Pope spoke in
manner as plainly indicated he thought Mr. A
the aggressor, and expected him to condescen
own himself the cause of the breach between
But he was disappointed; for Mr. Addison,
out appearing to be angry, was quite ove
with it. He began with declaring, that he
had wished him well, had often endeavoured to
friend, and in that light advised him, if his
was capable of it, to divest himself of part of
nity, which was too great for his merit; that
not arrived yet to that pitch of excellence he
imagine, or think his most partial readers ima
that when he and Sir Richard Steele correc
verses, they had a different air; reminding Mr
of the amendment, by Sir Richard, of a line
poem called the Messiah,

He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes,

which is taken from the prophet Isaiah,

The Lord God will wipe all tears from off all

From every face he wipes off every tear.

And so it stands altered in the newer editions
Pope's works. He proceeded to lay before
the mistakes and inaccuracies hinted at by the
who had attacked Mr. Pope, and added many
which he himself objected to. Speaking of hi

slation in general, he said, that he was not to blamed for endeavouring to get so large a sum money, but that it was an ill-executed thing, and n equal to Tickell, which had all the spirit of Home Mr. Addison concluded, in a low hollow voice o feigned temper, that he was not solicitous about hi own fame as a poet; that he had quitted the muses to enter into the business of the public; and that all he spoke was through friendship to Mr. Pope, whom he advised to have a less exalted sense of his own merit.

Mr. Pope could not well bear such repeated reproaches, but boldly told Mr. Addison, that he appealed from his judgment to the public, and that he had long known him too well to expect any friendship from him; upbraided him with being a pensioner from his youth, sacrificing the very learning purchased by the public money to a mean thirst of power; that he was sent abroad to encourage literature, in place of which he had always endeavoured to suppress merit. At last the contest grew so warm, that they parted without any ceremony, and Mr. Pope, upon this, wrote the foregoing verses.

In this account, and indeed in all other accounts which have been given concerning this quarrel, it does not appear that Mr. Pope was the aggressor. If Mr. Addison entertained suspicions of Mr. Pope's

being carried too far among the enemy, the danger was certainly Mr. Pope's, and not Mr. Addison's. It was his misfortune, and not his crime. If Mr. Addison should think himself capable of becoming a rival to Mr. Pope, and, in consequence of this opinion, publish a translation of part of Homer at the same time with Mr. Pope's, and if the public should decide in favour of the latter, by reading his translation, and neglecting the other, can any fault be imputed to Mr. Pope? Could he be blamed for exerting all his abilities in so arduous a province? And was it his fault that Mr. Addison, for the first book of Homer was undoubtedly his, could not translate to please the public? Besides, was it not somewhat presumptuous to insinuate to Mr. Pope, that his verses bore another face when he corrected them, while, at the same time, the translation of Homer, which he had never seen in manuscript, bore away the palm from that very translation he himself asserted was done in the true spirit of Homer? In matters of genius the public judgment seldom errs, and in this case posterity has confirmed the sentence of that age which gave the preference to Mr. Pope; for his translation is in the hands of all readers of taste, while the other is seldom regarded but as a foil to Pope's.

It would appear as if Mr. Addison were himself so immersed in party business as to contract his benevo-

lence to the limits of a faction, which was infinitely beneath the views of a philosopher, and the rules which that excellent writer himself established. If this was the failing of Mr. Addison, it was not the error of Pope, for he kept the strictest correspondence with some persons whose affections to the whig interest were suspected, yet was his name never called in question. While he was in favour with the Duke of Buckingham, the Lords Bolingbroke, Oxford, and Harcourt, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Prior, he did not drop his correspondence with the Lord Halifax, Mr. Craggs, and most of those who were at the head of the whig interest. A professed Jacobite one day remonstrated to Mr. Pope, that the people of his party took it ill that he should write with Mr. Steele upon ever so indifferent a subject; at which he could not help smiling, and observed, that he hated narrowness of soul in any party; and that if he renounced his reason in religious matters, he should hardly do it on any other; and that he could pray, not only for opposite parties, but even for opposite religions. Mr. Pope considered himself as a citizen of the world, and was therefore obliged to pray for the prosperity of mankind in general. As a son of Britain, he wished those councils might be suffered by Providence to prevail, which were most for the interest of his native country; but as politics was not his study, he could not al-

ways determine, at least with any degree of certainty whose councils were best, and had charity enough t believe that contending parties might mean well. A taste and science are confined to no country, so ough they not to be excluded from any party; and Mr Pope had an unexceptionable right to live upon term of the strictest friendship with every man of parts, t which party soever he might belong. Mr. Pope's up rightness in his conduct towards contending politi cians, is demonstrated by his living independent of ei ther faction: he accepted no place, and had too hig a spirit to become a pensioner.

Many efforts were made to proselyte Pope from t popish faith, which all proved ineffectual. His frien conceived hopes, from the moderation which he on occasions expressed, that he was really a protest in his heart, and that upon the death of his mot he would not scruple to declare his sentiments, withstanding the reproaches he might incur from popish party, and the public observation it would upon him. The Bishop of Rochester strongly ad him to read the controverted points between th testant and the catholic church, to suffer his un diced reason to determine for him, and he m doubt but a separation from the Romish com would soon ensue. To this Mr. Pope very c answered, "Whether the change would be to

advantage, God only knows: this I know,
mean as well in the religion I now profess,
er I can do in any other. Can a man who
s so justify a change, even if he thought both
ly good? To such a one the part of joining
any one body of christians might perhaps be
but I think it would not be so to renounce the

ır lordship has formerly advised me to read
st controversies between the churches. Shall
you a secret? I did so at fourteen years old,
loved reading, and my father had no other
. There was a collection of all that had been
n on both sides in the reign of King James II.
med my head with them, and the consequence
I found myself a papist or a protestant by
, according to the last book I read. I am
l most seekers are in the same case, and when
top, they are not so properly controverted as
tted. You see how little glory you would gain
r conversion; and, after all, I verily believe
lordship and I are both of the same religion,
were thoroughly understood by one another,
iat all honest and reasonable christians would
if they did but talk enough together every
and had nothing to do together but to serve
and live in peace with their neighbours.

"As to the temporal side of the question, I can
"have no dispute with you; it is certain all the be-
"neficial circumstances of life, and all the shining
"ones, lie on the part you would invite me to: but if
"I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you do
"but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I
"want health for it; and besides, it is a real truth, I
"have, if possible, less inclination than ability. Con-
"templative life is not only my scene, but is my habit
"too. I begun my life where most people end their's,
"with a disgust of all that the whole world calls am-
"bition. I don't know why it is called so; for, t
"me, it always seemed to be rather stooping tha
"climbing. I'll tell you my political and religio
"sentiments in a few words: in my politics I thi
"no farther than how to preserve my peace of life
"any government under which I live; nor in my
"ligion than to preserve the peace of my conscie
"in any church with which I communicate. I
"all churches and all governments are so far of
"as they are rightly understood, and rightly ad
"stered; and where they are, or may be, wr
"leave it to God alone to mend or reform
"which, whenever he does, it must be by grea
"struments than I am. I am not a papist, fc
"nounce the temporal invasions of the papal
"and detest their arrogated authority over

"and states. I am a catholic in the strictest sense of "the word. If I was born under an absolute prince, "I would be a quiet subject; but I thank God I was "not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the "British constitution. In a word, the things I have "always wished to see are not a Roman catholic, or "a French catholic, or a Spanish catholic, but a true "catholic; and not a king of whigs, or a king of "tories, but a king of England."

These are the peaceful maxims upon which we find Mr. Pope conducted his life; and if they cannot, in some respects, be justified, yet it must be owned that his religion and his politics were well enough adapted for a poet, which entitled him to a kind of universal patronage, and to make every good man his friend.

Dean Swift sometimes wrote to Mr. Pope on the topic of changing his religion, and once humorously offered him twenty pounds for that purpose. Mr. Pope's answer to this Lord Orrery has obliged the world by preserving in the Life of Swift. It is a perfect master-piece of wit and pleasantry.

We have already taken notice that Mr. Pope was called upon by the public voice to translate the Iliad, which he performed with so much applause, and, at the same time, with so much profit to himself, that he was envied by many writers, whose vanity, perhaps, induced them to believe themselves equal to so

great a design. A combination of inferior wits were employed to write the Popiad, in which his translation is characterized as unjust to the original, without beauty of language, or variety of numbers. Instead of the justness of the original, they say there is absurdity and extravagance: instead of the beautiful language of the original, there is solecism and barbarous English. A candid reader may easily discern from this furious introduction, that the critics were actuated rather by malice than truth, and that they must judge with their eyes shut, who can see no beauty of language, no harmony of numbers, in this translation.

But the most formidable critic against Mr. Pope in this great undertaking was the celebrated Madam Dacier, whom Mr. Pope treated with less ceremony in his Notes on the Iliad, than, in the opinion of some people, was due to her sex. This learned lady was not without a sense of the injury, and took an opportunity of discovering her resentment.

"Upon finishing," says she, "the second edition of "my translation of Homer, a particular friend sent "me a translation of part of Mr. Pope's Preface to "his version of the Iliad. As I do not understand "English, I cannot form any judgment of his perfor- "mance, though I have heard much of it. I am indeed "willing to believe, that the praises it has met with

ot unmerited, because whatever work is ap-
d by the English nation cannot be bad; but
hope I may be permitted to judge of that part
: preface which has been transmitted to me;
here take the liberty of giving my sentiments
rning it. I most freely acknowledge that Mr.
s invention is very lively, though he seems to
been guilty of the same fault into which he
we are often precipitated by our invention,
we depend too much upon the strength of it;
ignanimity, says he, may run up to confusion
xtravagance, so may great invention to redun-
r and wildness.

is has been the very case of Mr. Pope him-
nothing is more overstrained, or more false,
the images in which his fancy has represented
:r. Sometimes he tells us that the Iliad is a
paradise, where, if he cannot see all the beau-
is in an ordered garden, it is only because the
er of them is infinitely greater. Sometimes
mpares him to a copious nursery, which con-
the seeds and first productions of every kind;
astly, he represents him under the notion of a
y tree, which rises from the most vigorous
is improved with industry, flourishes and pro-
the finest fruit, but bears too many branches

" which might be loped into form, to give it a mor
" regular appearance.

" What! is Homer's poem then, according to M
" Pope, a confused heap of beauties, without orde
" or symmetry, and a plot whereon nothing but seed
" nor nothing perfect or formed is to be found; an
" a production loaded with many unprofitable thing
" which ought to be retrenched, and which choak an
" disfigure those which deserve to be preserved? M
" Pope will pardon me if I here oppose those com
" parisons, which to me appear very false, and en
" tirely contrary to what the greatest of ancient an
" modern critics ever thought.

" The Iliad is so far from being a wild paradis
" that it is the most regular garden, and laid out wit
" more symmetry than any ever was. Every thin
" therein is not only in the place it ought to hav
" been, but every thing is fitted for the place it hath
" He presents you, at first, with that which ought
" be first seen; he places in the middle what ought
" be in the middle, and what would be improper
" placed at the beginning or end; and he remov
" what ought to be at a greater distance, to crea
" the more agreeable surprise: and, to use a comp
" rison drawn from painting, he places that in th
" greatest light which cannot be too visible, and sin
" in the obscurity of the shade what does not requi

'; so that it may be said that Homer is
who best knew how to employ the shades

The second comparison is equally un-
could Mr. Pope say, "that one can only
eds, and the first productions of every
Iliad?" Every beauty is there to such
perfection, that the following ages could
g to those of any kind; and the ancients
ys proposed Homer as the most perfect
very kind of poetry.

d comparison is composed of the errors
former. Homer had certainly an incom-
tility of invention, but his fertility is al-
ted by that just sense which made him
y superfluous thing which his vast ima-
uld offer, and to retain only what was
nd useful. Judgment guided the hand of
ble gardener, and was the pruning-hook
d to lop off every useless branch."

Madam Dacier differs in her opinion from
ncerning Homer; but these remarks,
ve just quoted, partake not at all of the
ticism; they are mere assertion. Pope
Homer to abound with irregular beau-
has contradicted him, and asserted, that
s are regular; but no reason is assigned
hese mighty geniuses in support of their

opinions, and the reader is left in the dar
real truth. If he is to be guided by the a
a name only, no doubt the argument will
rate in favour of our countryman. The F
then proceeds to answer some observations
Pope made upon her Remarks on the Ili
she performs with a warmth that genera
writers of her sex. Mr. Pope, however,
regard to this fair antagonist than any o
upon his works. He confessed that he ha
great helps from her, and only though
(through a prodigious and almost superst
ness for Homer) endeavoured to make h
without any fault or weakness, and stamp
tion on his works which is no where to be
wrote her a very obliging letter, in which
ed himself exceedingly sorry that he ever s
displeased so excellent a wit; and she, or
hand, with a goodness and frankness pecu
protested to forgive it; so that there re
animosities between those two great adr
translators of Homer.

Mr. Pope, by his successful translation c
as we have before remarked, drew upon hi
and raillery of a whole tribe of writers.
did not esteem any particular man among
mies of consequence enough to provoke

n they were considered collectively, they
ccellent materials for a general satire. This
planned and executed with so extraordinary
', that it is by far the most complete poem of
r's; it is entitled the Dunciad, and discovers
ention, and a higher effort of genius, than any
duction of his. The hint was taken from
len's Mac Flecknoe; but as it is more gene-
is more pleasing.

unciad has been so universally read, that we
superfluous to give any further account of
nd it would be an unpleasing task to trace
ovocations and resentments which were mu-
covered upon this occasion. Mr. Pope was
ı that, next to praising good writers, there
rit in exposing bad ones; though it does not
libly true that each person stigmatized as a
s genuinely so. Something must be allowed
ıl resentment. Mr. Pope was a man of keen
he felt an injury strongly, retained a long
ınce of it, and could very pungently repay
of the gentlemen, however, who had been
rely lashed than the rest, meditated a re-
ich redounds but little to their honour. They
ended to chastise him corporally, or gave it
ney had really done so, in order to bring

shame upon Mr. Pope, which, if true, could only b shame upon themselves.

The "Dunciad," in the complete edition, is dressed to Dr. Swift. Of the notes, part were wri by Dr. Arbuthnot; and an apologetical letter prefixed, signed by Cleland, but supposed to h been written by Pope.

After this general war upon Dulness, he seem have indulged himself awhile in tranquillity; but subsequent productions prove that he was not : He published (1731) a poem on "Taste," in wl he very particularly and severely criticises the ho the furniture, the gardens, and the entertainment Timon, a man of great wealth and little taste. Timon he was universally supposed, and by the l of Burlington, to whom the poem is addressed, privately said to mean the Duke of Chandos; a perhaps too much delighted with pomp and show, of a temper kind and beneficent, and who had co quently the voice of the public in his favour.

A violent outcry was therefore raised against ingratitude and treachery of Pope, who was sai have been indebted to the patronage of Chandos f thousand pounds, and who gained the opportunit insulting him by the kindness of his invitation.

The receipt of the thousand pounds Pope pub denied; but from the reproach which the attack

character so amiable brought upon him, he tried all means of escaping. The name of Cleland was again employed in an apology, by which no man was satisfied; and he was at last reduced to shelter his temerity behind dissimulation, and endeavour to make that disbelieved which he never had confidence openly to deny. He wrote an exculpatory letter to the duke, which was answered with great magnanimity, as by a man who accepted his excuse without believing his professions. He said, that to have ridiculed his taste, or his buildings, had been an indifferent action in another man; but that in Pope, after the reciprocal kindness that had been exchanged between them, it had been less easily excused.

The following year deprived him of Gay, a man whom he had known early, and whom he seemed to love with more tenderness than any other of his literary friends. Pope was now forty-four years old; an age at which the mind begins less easily to admit new confidence, and the will to grow less flexible, and when, therefore, the departure of an old friend is very acutely felt.

In the next year he lost his mother, not by an unexpected death, for she had lasted to the age of ninety-three; but she did not die unlamented. The filial piety of Pope was in the highest degree amiable and exemplary; his parents had the happiness of living

till he was at the summit of poetical reputation, till he was at ease in his fortune, and without a rival in his fame, and found no diminution of his respect or tenderness. Whatever was his pride, to them he was obedient; and whatever was his irritability, to them he was gentle. Life has, among its soothing and quiet comforts, few things better to give than such a son.

In 1733, he published the first part of the "Essay on Man." This poem had a form and title with which its readers were unacquainted. Its reception was not uniform; some thought it a very imperfect piece, though not without good lines. While the author was unknown, some, as will always happen, favoured him as an adventurer, and some censured him as an intruder; but all thought him above neglect, the sale increased, and editions were multiplied. The second and third parts were soon after published, and, in 1734, the fourth; when Pope avowed himself the author, and claimed the honour of a moral poet.

About this time Warburton began to make his appearance in the first ranks of learning. He was a man of vigorous faculties, a mind fervid and vehement, supplied by incessant and unlimited enquiry with wonderful extent and variety of knowledge which yet had not oppressed his imagination, nor clouded his perspicacity. To every work he brought *a memory full fraught*, together with a fancy fertile

of original combinations, and at once exerted the powers of the scholar, the reasoner, and the wit. But his knowledge was too multifarious to be always exact, and his pursuits too eager to be always cautious. His abilities gave him an haughty confidence, which he disdained to conceal or mollify; and his impatience of opposition disposed him to treat his adversaries with such contemptuous superiority as made his readers commonly his enemies, and excited against the advocate the wishes of some who favoured the cause. He seems to have adopted the Roman emperor's determination, *oderint, dum metuant:* he used no allurements of gentle language, but wished to compel rather than persuade.

His style is copious without selection, and forcible without neatness; he took the words that presented themselves: his diction is coarse and impure, and his sentences are unmeasured.

He had, in the early part of his life, pleased himself with the notice of inferior wits, and corresponded with the enemies of Pope. A letter was produced, when he had perhaps himself forgotten it, in which he tells Concanen, "Dryden, I observe, borrows for "want of leisure, and Pope for want of genius; Mil- "ton out of pride, and Addison out of modesty."... And when Theobald published "Shakespeare," in

opposition to Pope, the best notes were suppli
Warburton.

But the time was now come when Warburto
to change his opinion; and Pope was to find
fender in him who had contributed so much
exaltation of his rival.

The arrogance of Warburton excited agains
every artifice of offence, and therefore it may b
posed that his union with Pope was censured as
critical inconstancy; but surely to think differ
at different times, of poetical merit, may be easi
lowed. Such opinions are often admitted, an
missed, without nice examination. Who is there
has not found reason for changing his mind,
questions of greater importance?

Warburton, whatever was his motive, from n
to month, continued a vindication of the "Ess
"Man," in the literary journal of that time,
"The Republick of Letters."

From this time Pope lived in the closest inti
with Warburton, and amply rewarded his kin
and his zeal; for he introduced him to Mr. Mu
by whose interest he became preacher at Linc
Inn, and to Mr. Allen, who gave him his niec
his estate, and by consequence a bishoprick.
he died, he left him the property of his works;

gacy which may be reasonably estimated at four thousand pounds.

Pope lived at this time *among the great*, with that reception and respect to which his works entitled him, and which he had not impaired by any private misconduct or factious partiality.

He published from time to time, between 1730 and 1740, Imitations of different Poems of Horace, generally with his name, and once, as was suspected, without it.

This mode of imitation, in which the ancients are familiarized, by adapting their sentiments to modern topics, by making Horace say of Shakespeare what he originally said of Ennius, and accommodating his satires on Pantolabus and Nomentanus to the flatterers and prodigals of our own time, was first practised in the reign of Charles the second, by Oldham and Rochester. It is a kind of middle composition between translation and original design, which pleases when the thoughts are unexpectedly applicable, and the parallels lucky. It seems to have been Pope's favourite amusement, for he has carried it further than any former poet.

His last satires, of the general kind, were two Dialogues, named, from the year in which they were published, "Seventeen Hundred and Thirty-eight." In these poems many are praised, and many are re-

proached. Pope was then entangled in the opposition; a follower of the Prince of Wales, who dined at his house, and the friend of many who obstructed and censured the conduct of the ministers. His political partiality was too plainly shown: he forgot the prudence with which he passed, in his earlier years, uninjured and unoffending, through much more violent conflicts of faction.

Pope now added, at Warburton's request, another book to the "Dunciad," of which the design is to ridicule such studies as are either hopeless or useless, as either pursue what is unattainable, or what, if it be attained, is of no use.

When this book was printed, 1742, the laurel had been for some time upon the head of Cibber; a man whom it cannot be supposed that Pope could regard with much kindness or esteem, though in one of the imitations of Horace he has liberally enough praise the "Careless Husband." In the "Dunciad," among other worthless scribblers, he had mentioned Cibber, who, in his "Apology," complains of the great poet's unkindness as more injurious, "because," says he, "I have never offended him."

It might have been expected that Pope should have been, in some degree, mollified by this submissive gentleness, but no such consequence appeared. That he condescended to commend Cibber once, he

tioned him afterwards contemptuously in one of his satires, and again in his Epistle to Arbuthnot; and in the fourth book of the "Dunciad," attacked him with acrimony, to which the provocation is not easily discoverable. Perhaps he imagined that, in ridiculing the laureat, he satirised those by whom the laurel had been given, and gratified that ambitious petulance with which he affected to insult the great.

The severity of this satire left Cibber no longer any patience. He had confidence enough in his own powers to believe that he could disturb the quiet of his adversary, and doubtless did not want instigators, who, without any care about the victory, desired to amuse themselves by looking on the contest. He therefore gave the town a pamphlet, in which he declares his resolution from that time never to bear another blow without returning it, and to tire out his adversary by perseverance, if he cannot conquer him by strength.

The incessant and unappeasable malignity of Pope he imputes to a very distant cause. After the "Three "Hours after Marriage" had been driven off the stage, by the offence which the mummy and crocodile gave the audience, while the exploded scene was yet fresh in memory, it happened that Cibber played Bayes in the Rehearsal; and, as it had been usual to enliven the part by the mention of any recent theatri-

cal transactions, he said, that he once thought to ha introduced his lovers disguised in a mummy and crocodile. "This," says he, "was received with lo "claps, which indicated contempt of the play." Pop who was behind the scenes, meeting him as he left t stage, attacked him, as he says, with all the virulen of a "wit out of his senses;" to which he replie "that he would take no other notice of what was sa "by so particular a man than to declare, that, as o "ten as he played that part, he would repeat t "same provocation."

Of all our poet's writings none were read wi more general approbation than his Ethic Epistles, c multiplied into more editions. Mr. Pope, who was perfect economist, secured to himself the profits ar sing from his own works; he was never subjected t necessity, and therefore was not to be imposed up by the art or fraud of publishers.

But now approaches the period in which, as h himself expressed it, he stood in need of the generou tear he paid:

> Poets themselves must fall like those they sung;
> Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
> Ev'n he whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
> Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays.

Mr. Pope, who had been always subjected to a variety of bodily infirmities, finding his strength give way, began to think that his days, which had been prolonged past his expectation, were drawing towards a conclusion. However, he visited the Hot-Wells at Bristol, where, for some time, there were small hopes of his recovery; but making too free with purges, he grew worse, and seemed desirous to draw nearer home. A dropsy in the breast at last put a period to his life at the age of fifty-six, on the 30th of May, 1744, at his house at Twickenham, where he was interred in the same grave with his father and mother.

Mr. Pope's behaviour in his last illness has been variously represented to the world; some have affirmed that it was timid and peevish; that, having been fixed in no particular system of faith, his mind was wavering, and his temper broken and disturbed. Others have asserted that he was all cheerfulness and resignation to the Divine will. Which of these opinions is true we cannot now determine; but if the former, it must be regretted that he who had taught philosophy to others, should himself be destitute of its assistance in the most critical moments of his life.

The bulk of his fortune he bequeathed to Mrs. Blount, with whom he lived in the strictest friendship, and for whom he is said to have entertained the warmest affection. His works, which are in the hands

of every person of true taste, and will last as long as our language will be understood, render unnecessary all further remarks on his writings. He was equally admired for the dignity and sublimity of his moral and philosophical works, the vivacity of his satirical, the clearness and propriety of his didactic, the richness and variety of his descriptive, and the elegance of all, added to a harmony of versification, and correctness of sentiment and language, unknown to our former poets, and of which he has set an example, which will be an example or a reproach to his successors. His prose style is as perfect in its kind as his poetic, and has all the beauties proper for it, joined to an uncommon force and perspicuity.

Under the profession of the Roman catholic religion, to which he adhered to the last, he maintained all the moderation and charity becoming the most thorough and consistent protestant. His conversation was natural, easy, and agreeable, without any affectation of displaying his wit, or obtruding his own judgment, even upon subjects of which he was so eminently a master.

The moral character of our author, as it did not escape the lash of his calumniators in his life, so have there been attempts since his death to diminish his reputation. Lord Bolingbroke, whom Mr. Pope esteemed to almost an enthusiastic degree of admira-

tion, was the first to make this attack. Not many years ago the public were entertained with this controversy, immediately upon the publication of his lordship's Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism, and the Idea of a Patriot King. Different opinions have been offered; some to extenuate the fault of Mr. Pope for printing and mutilating these letters without his lordship's knowledge; others to blame him for it as the highest breach of friendship, and the greatest mark of dishonour; but it would exceed our proposed bounds to enter into the merits of this controversy.

This great man is allowed to have been one of the first rank amongst the poets of our nation, and to acknowledge the superiority of none but Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden. With the two former it is unnatural to compare him, as their province in writing is so very different. Pope has never attempted the drama, nor published an epic poem, in which these two distinguished geniuses have so wonderfully succeeded. Though Pope's genius was great, it was yet of so different a cast from Shakespeare's and Milton's, that no comparison can be justly formed. But if this may be said of the former two, it will by no means hold with respect to the latter; for between him and Dryden there is a great similarity of writing, and a very striking coincidence of genius. It will not, perhaps, be unpleasing to our readers if we pur-

sue this comparison, and endeavour to discover to whom the superiority is justly to be attributed, and to which of them poetry owes the highest obligations.

When Dryden came into the world he found poetry in a very imperfect state; its numbers were unpolished, its cadences rough, and there was nothing of harmony or mellifluence to give it a graceful flow. In this harsh, unmusical situation Dryden found it, for the refinements of Waller were but puerile and unsubstantial: he polished the rough diamond, he taught it to shine, and connected beauty, elegance, and strength, in all his poetical compositions. Though Dryden thus polished our English numbers, and thus harmonized versification, it cannot be said that he carried his art to perfection. Much was yet left undone; his lines, with all their smoothness, were often rambling, and expletives were frequently introduced to complete his measures. It is apparent, therefore, that an additional harmony might still be given to our numbers, and that cadences were yet capable of a more musical modulation. To effect this purpose Mr. Pope arose, who with an ear elegantly delicate, and the advantage of the finest genius, so harmonized the English numbers, as to make them complete musical. His numbers are likewise so minutely correct, that it would be difficult to conceive how any *his lines can be altered* to advantage. He has crea

a kind of mechanical versification; every line is alike; and though they are sweetly musical, they want diversity; for he has not studied so great a variety of pauses, and where the accents may be laid gracefully. The structure of his verse is the best, and a line of his is more musical than any other line can be made by placing the accents elsewhere; but we are not quite certain whether the ear is not apt to be soon cloyed with this uniformity of elegance, this sameness of harmony. It must be acknowledged, however, that he has much improved upon Dryden in the article of versification, and in that part of poetry is greatly his superior. But though this must be acknowledged, perhaps it will not necessarily follow that his genius was, therefore, superior.

The grand characteristic of a poet is his invention, the surest distinction of a great genius. In Mr. Pope nothing is so truly original as his Rape of the Lock, nor discovers so much invention. In this kind of mock-heroic he is without a rival in our language, for Dryden has written nothing of the kind. His other work which discovers invention, fine designing, and admirable execution, is his Dunciad: which, though built on Dryden's Mac Flecknoe, is yet so much superior, that, in satiric writing, the palm must justly be yielded to him. In Mr. Dryden's Absalom and Ahithopel there are, indeed, the most poignant

strokes of satire, and characters drawn with the most masterly touches; but this poem, with all its excellencies, is much inferior to the Dunciad, though Dryden had advantages which Mr. Pope had not; for Dryden's characters are men of great eminence and figure in the state, while Pope has to expose men of obscure birth and unimportant lives, only distinguished from the herd of mankind by a glimmering of genius, which rendered the greatest part of them more emphatically contemptible. Pope's was the hardest task, and he has executed it with the greatest success. As Mr. Dryden must undoubtedly have yielded to Pope in satiric writing, it is incumbent on the partizans of Dryden to name another species of composition in which the former excels so as to throw the balance again upon the side of Dryden. This species is the lyric, in which the warmest votaries of Pope must certainly acknowledge that he is much inferior: as an irresistible proof of this we need only compare Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day with Mr. Pope's, in which the disparity is very apparent.

It hath been generally acknowledged that the lyric is a more excellent kind of writing than the satiric, and, consequently, he who excels in the most excellent species must undoubtedly be esteemed the greatest poet. Mr. Pope has very happily succeeded in many of his occasional pieces, such as Eloisa to Abe-

lard, his Elegy on an unfortunate young Lady, and a variety of other performances deservedly celebrated. To these may be opposed Mr. Dryden's Fables; which, though written in a very advanced age, are yet the most perfect of his works. In these fables there is, perhaps, a greater variety than in Mr. Pope's occasional pieces: many of them, indeed, are translations, but such as are original show a great extent of invention, and a large compass of genius.

There are not in Pope's works such poignant discoveries of wit, or such a general knowledge of the humours and characters of men, as in the prologues and epilogues of Dryden, which are the best records of the whims and capricious oddities of the times in which they are written.

When these two great geniuses are considered in the light of translators, it will, indeed, be difficult to determine into whose scale the balance should be thrown. That Mr. Pope had a more arduous province in doing justice to Homer, than Dryden with regard to Virgil, is certainly true, as Homer is a more various and diffuse poet than Virgil; and it is likewise true, that Pope has even exceeded Dryden in the execution, and none will deny that Pope's Homer's Iliad is a finer poem than Dryden's Æneid of Virgil, making a proper allowance for the disproportion of the original authors. But then a candid critic should

reflect, that as Dryden was prior in the great attempt of rendering Virgil into English, so did he perform the task under many disadvantages which Pope, by a happier situation in life, was enabled to avoid; and could not but improve upon Dryden's errors, though the authors translated were not the same: and it is much to be doubted if Dryden were to translate the Æneid now, with that attention which the correctness of the present age would force upon him, whether the preference would be due to Pope's Homer.

But supposing it to be yielded (as it certainly must) that the latter bard was the greatest translator, we are now to throw into Mr. Dryden's scale all his dramatic works; which, though not the most excellent of his writings, yet, as nothing of Mr. Pope's can be opposed to them, they have an undoubted right to turn the balance greatly in favour of Mr. Dryden. When the two poets are considered as critics, the comparison will very imperfectly hold. Dryden's dedications and prefaces, besides that they are more numerous, and are the best models for courtly panegyric, show that he understood poetry as an art beyond any man that ever lived; and he explained this art so well, that he taught his antagonists to turn the tables against himself: for he so illuminated the mind by his clear and perspicuous reasoning, that dulness itself became capable of discerning; and when at any time

his performances fell short of his own ideas of excellence, his enemies tried him by rules of his own establishing; and though they owed to him the ability of judging, they seldom had candour enough to spare him.

Perhaps it may be true, that Pope's works are read with more appetite, as there is a greater evenness and correctness in them; but in perusing the works of Dryden, the mind will take a wider range, and be more fraught with poetical ideas. We admire Dryden as the greater genius, and Pope as the most pleasing versifier.—*Cibber's Lives.*

PREFACE.

I AM inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand no single man is born with a right of controlling the opinions of all the rest, so, on the other, the world has no title to demand that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment: therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame or pleasure as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man, and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted by the

judgment commonly passed upon poems. A criti supposes he has done his part, if he proves a write to have failed in an expression, or erred in any par ticular point; and can it then be wondered at if th poets in general seem resolved not to own themselve in any error? for as long as one side will make no al lowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledg ments *.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill placed, poetry and criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair o idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet sure, upon the whole, a bad author deserve better usage than a bad critic; for a writer's endea vour, for the most part, is to please his readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill-judg ment; but such a critic's is to put them out of hu mour; a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill-temper.

* In the former editions it was thus...." For as long a one side despises a well-meant endeavour, the other will no be satisfied with a moderate approbation;"....but the autho altered it, as these words were rather a consequence fro the conclusion he would draw, than the conclusion itself which he has now inserted.

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the
lts of bad poets. What we call a genius is hard
be distinguished by a man himself from a strong
lination; and if his genius be ever so great, he
nnot at first discover it any other way, than by giv-
; way to that prevalent propensity which renders
n the more liable to be mistaken. The only me-
d he has is to make the experiment by writing,
l appealing to the judgment of others. Now, if he
ppens to write ill, which is certainly no sin in it-
f, he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I
sh we had the humanity to reflect, that even the
rst authors might, in their endeavour to please us,
serve something at our hands. We have no cause
quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in per-
ting to write; and this, too, may admit of alleviat-
; circumstances. Their particular friends may be
her ignorant or insincere; and the rest of the
rld in general is too well-bred to shock them with a
ith which generally their booksellers are the first
at inform them of. This happens not till they have
ent too much of their time to apply to any profes-
n which might better fit their talents, and till such
ents as they have are so far discredited as to be
t of small service to them. For, what is the hard-
: case imaginable, the reputation of a man general-
depends upon the first steps he makes in the

world; and people will establish their opinion of us from what we do at that season when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature, given up to the ambition of fame, when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances; for, from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth than if he were a prince or a beauty. If he has not very good sense, and indeed there are twenty men of wit for one man of sense, his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a coxcomb; if he has, he will, consequently, have so much diffidence as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise; since, if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguished from flattery; and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine genius as with a fine fashion, all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it; and it is to be feared that esteem will seldom do any man so much good, as ill-will does him harm.

hen there is a third class of people, who make the rgest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indiffe- nt capacities, and these, to a man, will hate or sus- ect him; a hundred honest gentlemen will dread m as a wit, and a hundred innocent women as a sa- ist. In a word, whatever be his fate in poetry, it ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable ms of life for it. There are indeed some advan- ges accruing from a genius to poetry, and they are l I can think of; the agreeable power of self-amuse- ent when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of ing admitted into the best company; and the free- m of saying as many careless things as other peo- le, without being so severely remarked upon.

I believe if any one, early in his life, should contem- ate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce of their number on any consideration. The life of wit is a warfare upon earth; and the present spirit the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve any way, one must have the constancy of a mar- r, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I could ish people would believe, what I am pretty certain ey will not, that I have been much less concerned out fame than I durst declare till this occasion, hen, methinks, I should find more credit than I uld heretofore, since my writings have had their te already, and it is too late to think of prepossess-

sing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these trifles by prefaces, biassed by recommendation, dazzled with the names of great patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses. I confess it was want of consideration that made me an author: I writ because it amused me; I corrected, because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write; and I published, because I was told I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this I am really ignorant: I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with them at last; but I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so; for they have always fallen short, not only of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the ancients, to say the least of them, had as much genius as we; and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly applied themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art to which their talent was most powerfully bent; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for posterity.

If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality: though, if we took the same care, we should still lie under a further misfortune; they writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we can hope is but to be read in one island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the ancient: and it will be found true that, in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense, must have been common sense in all times; and what we call learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our fathers: and indeed it is very unreasonable that people should expect us to be scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess that I have served myself all I could by reading; that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends

and enemies; but the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live: one may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together; and what critic can be so unreasonable as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the public is, that I have as great a respect for it as most authors have for themselves; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like those authors who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole poem, and, *vice versa*, a whole poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this, if any thing, that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published I can only hope to be pardoned; but for what I have burned I deserve to be praised. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice, in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really *so, but to avoid* the imputation of so many dull and im-

oral things as, partly by malice, and partly by igno-
nce, have been ascribed to me. I must further ac-
uit myself of the presumption of having lent my name
recommend any miscellanies or works of other
en; a thing I never thought becoming a person who
is hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether
ıcertain whether to look upon myself as a man build-
g a monument or burying the dead.

If time shall make it the former, may these poems,
ı long as they last, remain as a testimony that their
ıthor never made his talents subservient to the mean
ıd unworthy ends of party or self-interest; the grati-
cation of public prejudices or private passions; the
attery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfor-
ınate. If I have written well, let it be considered
ıat it is what no man can do without good sense, a
uality that not only renders one capable of being a
ood writer, but a good man. And if I have made
ny acquisition in the opinion of any one under the
otion of the former, let it be continued to me under
o other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn fune-
al of my remains, I desire it may be known that I
ie in charity, and in my senses; without any mur-
ıurs against the justice of this age, or any mad ap-
eals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world

in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing as that every body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may then be considered, that there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five-and-twenty; so that my youth may be made, as it never fails to be in executions, a case of compassion; that I never was so concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended; that I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill language; or, when I could not attack a rival's works, encouraged reports against his morals. To conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the critics not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves; and a *memento mori* to some of my vain contemporaries the poets, to teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

November 10, 1716.

Variations in the Author's Manuscript Preface.

AFTER page 48, l. 21, it followed thus :....For my art, I confess, had I seen things in this view at first, ıe public had never been troubled either with my ritings, or with this apology for them. I am sensible ow difficult it is to speak of one's self with decency; ut when a man must speak of himself, the best way to speak truth of himself, or he may depend upon , others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this reface a general confession of all my thoughts of my wn poetry, resolving with the same freedom to exose myself as it is in the power of any other to exose them. In the first place, I thank God and Nature ıat I was born with a love to poetry; for nothing ıore conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, , if rightly used, to make the whole course of life ıtertaining: *Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædet.)* is a vast happiness to possess the pleasures of the ead, the only pleasures in which a man is sufficient himself, and the only part of him which, to his tisfaction, he can employ all day long. The muses e *amicæ omnium horarum;* and, like our gay acmintance, the best company in the world as long as ıe expects no real service from them. I confess ere was a time when I was in love with myself, and

my first productions were the children of Self-love upon Innocence. I had made an epic poem, and panegyrics on all the princes of Europe, and thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I can't but regret those delightful visions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we see when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever. Many trials, and sad experience, have so undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loss at what rate to value myself. As for fame, I shall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miss; and as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myself, or even from wishing those hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The sense of my faults made me correct; besides that it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write.

At p. 50, l. 25. In the first place, I own that I have used my best endeavours to the finishing these pieces; that I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and my enemies; and that I expect no favour on account of my youth, business, want of health, or any such idle excuses. But the true reason they are not yet more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live. A man that can expect but sixty years, may be

ashamed to employ thirty in measuring syllables, and bringing sense and rhyme together. We spend our youth in pursuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old; and when we are old, we find it is too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the wits will pardon me if I reserve some of my time to save my soul; and that some wise men will be of my opinion, even if I should think a part of it better spent in the enjoyments of life than in pleasing the critics.

ON

MR. POPE AND HIS POEMS,

BY HIS GRACE

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

WITH age decay'd, with courts and bus'ness tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what ease requir'd;
Too dully serious for the Muse's sport,
And from the critics safe arriv'd in port;
I little thought of launching forth agen,
Amidst advent'rous rovers of the pen;
And after so much undeserv'd success,
Thus hazarding at last to make it less.
Encomiums suit not this censorious time,
Itself a subject for satiric rhyme;
Ignorance honour'd, wit and worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and e'en Homer blam'd!
But to this genius, join'd with so much art,
Such various learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
Poets are bound a loud applause to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.

And yet so wonderful, sublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing;
Except I justly could at once commend
A good companion and as firm a friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natured deed,
Can all desert in sciences exceed.
'Tis great delight to laugh at some men's ways,
But a much greater to give merit praise.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS PASTORALS.

IN these more dull, as more censorious days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit praise,
A Muse sincere, that never flatt'ry knew,
Pays what to friendship and desert is due.
Young, yet judicious, in your verse are found
Art strength'ning Nature, sense improv'd by sound
Unlike those wits, whose numbers glide along
So smooth, no thought e'er interrupts the song:
Laboriously enervate they appear,
And write not to the head, but to the ear:

Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
And are at best most musically dull:
O purling streams with even murmurs creep,
And hush the heavy hearers into sleep.
As smoothest speech is most deceitful found,
The smoothest numbers oft are empty sound:
But wit and judgment join at once in you,
Brightly as youth, as age consummate too:
Your strains are regularly bold, and please
With unforc'd care, and unaffected ease,
With proper thoughts and lively images.
Such as by nature to the ancients shown,
Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own;
For great men's fashions to be followed are,
Altho' disgraceful 'tis their clothes to wear.
Some in a polish'd style write pastoral;
Arcadia speaks the language of the Mall.
Like some fair shepherdess, the sylvan muse
Should wear those flow'rs her native fields produce;
And the true measure of the shepherd's wit
Should, like his garb, be for the country fit:
Yet must his pure and unaffected thought
More nicely than the common swain's be wrought.
So, with becoming art, the players dress
In silks the shepherd and the shepherdess;
Yet still unchang'd the form and mode remain,
Shap'd like the homely russet of the swain.

Your rural Muse appears to justify
The long lost graces of simplicity:
So rural beauties captivate our sense
With virgin charms and native excellence.
Yet long her modesty those charms conceal'd,
'Till by men's envy to the world reveal'd;
For wits industrious to their trouble seem,
And needs will envy what they must esteem.
Live and enjoy their spite! nor mourn that fate
Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait;
Whose Muse did once, like thine, in plains delight:
Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher flight:
So larks, which first from lowly fields arise,
Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS WINDSOR FOREST.

HAIL! sacred bard! a muse unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic shore.
To our dark world thy shining page is shown,
And Windsor's gay retreat becomes our own.

istern pomp had just bespoke our care,
idia pour'd her gaudy treasures here:
ous spoil adorn'd our naked land,
ride of Persia glitter'd on our strand,
hina's earth was cast on common sand:
up and down the glossy fragments lay,
'ess'd the rocky shelves, and pav'd the painted
ay.
easures next arriv'd; and now we boast
er cargo on our barren coast:
hy luxuriant Forest we receive
lasting glories than the east can give.
ere'er we dip in thy delightful page,
pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage!
ompous scenes in all their pride appear,
in the page, as in the grove they were.
alf so true the fair Lodona shows
lvan state that on her border grows,
she the wond'ring shepherd entertains
a new Windsor in her wat'ry plains;
ister lays the lucid wave surpass,
ving scene is in the Muse's glass.
veeter notes the echoing forests cheer,
Philomela sits and warbles there,
when you sing the greens and op'ning glades,
ve us harmony as well as shades:
an's hand might draw the grove, but you
int the grove, and add the music too.

With vast variety thy pages shine;
A new creation starts in ev'ry line.
How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,
And make a doubtful scene of shade and light,
And give at once the day, at once the night!
And here again what sweet confusion reigns,
In dreary deserts mix'd with painted plains!
And see! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom,
And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom;
Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,
And bearded groves display their annual pride.
Happy the man, who strings his tuneful lyre
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields spire!
Thrice happy you! and worthy best to dwell
Amidst the rural joys you sing so well.
I in a cold and in a barren clime,
Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme,
Here on the western beach attempt to chime.
O joyless flood! O rough tempestuous main!
Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene!
Snatch me, ye gods! from these Atlantic shore
And shelter me in Windsor's fragrant bow'rs;
Or to my much-lov'd Isis' walks convey,
And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay.
Thence let me view the venerable scene,

The awful dome, the grove's eternal green ;
Where sacred Hough long found his fam'd retreat,
And brought the Muses to the sylvan seat,
Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the classic store,
And made that music which was noise before.
There with illustrious bards I spent my days,
Nor free from censure, nor unknown to praise,
Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd,
Nor envy'd Windsor in the soft abode.
The golden minutes smoothly danc'd away,
And tuneful bards beguil'd the tedious day :
They sung, nor sung in vain, with numbers fir'd,
That Maro taught, or Addison inspir'd.
Ev'n I essay'd to touch the trembling string :
Who could hear them, and not attempt to sing ?
Rouz'd from these dreams by thy commanding strain,
I rise and wander through the field or plain ;
Led by the Muse, from sport to sport I run ;
Mark the stretch'd line, or hear the thund'ring gun.
Ah ! how I melt with pity, when I spy
On the cold earth the flutt'ring pheasant lie !
His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,
And every feather shines and varies there.
Nor can I pass the gen'rous courser by,
But while the prancing steed allures my eye,
He starts, he's gone ! and now I see him fly

O'er hills and dales ; and now I lose the course,
Nor can the rapid sight pursue the flying horse.
Oh could thy Virgil from his orb look down,
He'd view a courser that might match his own !
Fir'd with the sport, and eager for the chace,
Lodona's murmurs stop me in the race.
Who can refuse Lodona's melting tale ?
The soft complaint shall over time prevail ;
The tale be told, when shades forsake her shore ;
The nymph be sung, when she can flow no more.
Nor shall thy song, old Thames ! forbear to shin
At once the subject and the song divine.
Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n Britons mor
Than all their shouts for victory before.
Oh ! could Britannia imitate thy stream,
The world should tremble at her awful name :
From various springs divided waters glide,
In diff'rent colours roll a diff'rent tide,
Murmur along their crooked banks awhile ;
At once they murmur, and enrich the isle :
A while distinct through many channels run,
But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one ;
There joy to lose their long distinguish'd names,
And make one glorious and immortal Thames.

FR. KNAPP.

TO MR. POPE.

In Imitation of a Greek Epigram on Homer.

WHEN Phœbus and the nine harmonious maids
Of old assembled in the Thespian shades;
What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
Befit these harps to sound, and thee to hear?
Reply'd the god, "your loftiest notes employ
"To sing young Peleus, and the fall of Troy."
The wond'rous song with rapture they rehearse;
Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse?
He answer'd with a frown, "I now reveal
"A truth that envy bids me not conceal.
"Retiring frequent to this laureat vale,
"I warbled to the lyre that fav'rite tale,
"Which, unobserv'd, a wand'ring Greek and blind,
"Heard me repeat, and treasur'd in his mind;
"And, fir'd with thirst of more than mortal praise,
"From me, the god of wit, usurp'd the bays.
"But let vain Greece indulge her growing fame,
"Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name;
"Yet when my arts shall triumph in the west,
"And the white isle with female power is blest;
"Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there,
"And the translator's palm to me transfer.

" With less regret my claim I now decline,
" The world will think his *English Iliad* mine."

E. FENTON.

TO MR. POPE.

TO praise, and still with just respect to praise
A bard triumphant in immortal bays;
The learn'd to show, the sensible commend,
Yet still preserve the province of the friend;
What life, what vigour, must the lines require!
What music tune them, what affection fire!
O might thy genius in my bosom shine,
Thou shouldst not fail of numbers worthy thine;
The brightest ancients might at once agree
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee.
Horace himself would own thou dost excel
In candid arts to play the critic well.
Ovid himself might wish to sing the dame
Whom Windsor Forest sees a gliding stream;
On silver feet, with annual osier crown'd,
She runs for ever through poetic ground.
How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,
Made by the Muse the envy of the fair!
Less shone the tresses Egypt's princess wore,

Which sweet Callimachus so sung before.
Here courtly trifles set the world at odds;
Belles war with beaus, and whims descend for gods.
The new machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave frenzy of the chemic fool.
But know, ye fair, a point conceal'd with art,
The sylphs and gnomes are but a woman's heart.
The graces stand in sight; a satyr-train
Peeps o'er their heads, and laughs behind the scene.
In fame's fair temple, o'er the boldest wits,
Inshrin'd on high, the sacred Virgil sits;
And sits in measures such as Virgil's muse
To place thee near him might be fond to chuse:
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee!
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he;
While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wise,
Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the prize!
Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.
Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,
Parent of flow'rets, old Arcadia, hail!
Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head:
Still slide thy waters, soft among the trees
Thy aspins quiver in a breathing breeze!
Smile, all ye vallies, in eternal spring,
Be hush'd ye winds, while Pope and Virgil sing.

In English lays, and all sublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat;
He shines in council, thunders in the fight,
And flames with every sense of great delight.
Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;
In all the majesty of Greek retir'd;
Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd;
His language failing, wrapt him round with night
Thine, rais'd by thee, recals the work to light.
So wealthy mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden ore,
When chok'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
And shepherds only say, "The mines were here;"
Should some rich youth (if Nature warm his hear
And all his projects stand inform'd with art)
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein,
The mines detected flame with gold again.
How vast, how copious, are thy new designs!
How ev'ry music varies in thy lines!
Still, as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
And rise in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the day
While Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease,
Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle, blest,
And Philomela sweetest, o'er the rest:

shades resound with song....O softly tread,
ile a whole season warbles round my head.
his to my friend....and when a friend inspires,
silent harp its master's hand requires,
kes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound;
fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground;
from the joys that with my soul agree,
m wit, from learning....very far from thee.
e moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf;
e half an acre's corn is half a sheaf;
e hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
ks at their sides, and torrents at their feet;
lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood,
ose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud:
here content can dwell, and learned ease,
riend delight me, and an author please;
n here I sing, when Pope supplies the theme;
w my own love, though not increase his fame.

T. PARNELL.

TO MR. POPE.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,
Or speaking marbles, to record their praise;
And picture (to the voice of fame unknown)
The mimic feature on the breathing stone;
Mere mortals, subject to death's total sway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!

'Tis thine, on every heart to grave thy praise,
A monument which worth alone can raise;
Sure to survive, when time shall whelm in dust
The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust:
Nor, till the volumes of th' expanded sky
Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer die:
Then sink together in the world's last fires,
What Heaven created, and what Heaven inspires.

If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human transport touch the mighty dead,
Shakespeare rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
Now every scene with native brightness shines;
Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought:
So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote:
Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,
And the bold figure from the canvas fades,

A rival hand recals from ev'ry part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art:
Transported we survey the dubious strife,
While each fair image starts again to life.
How long, untun'd, had Homer's sacred lyre
Jarr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire?
This you beheld; and, taught by Heav'n to sing,
Call'd the loud music from the sounding string.
Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Towers o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flash his arms, and all the hero burns;
With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
He strides along, and meets the gods in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores,
Tremble the tow'rs of heav'n, earth rocks her coasts,
And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.
To every theme responds thy various lay;
Here rolls a torrent, there meanders play;
Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise,
Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies;
Or, softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
Thus, like the radiant god who sheds the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way;

And while with ev'ry theme the verse complies,
Sink without groveling, without rashness rise.
Proceed, great bard, awake th' harmonious strin
Be ours all Homer, still Ulysses sing.
How long that hero*, by unskilful hands,
Strip'd of his robes, a beggar trod our lands;
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior lost;
O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,
Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head,
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
The glance divine, forth beaming from the mind.
But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold:
Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
With grace divine, and like a god he moves.
Even I, the meanest of the Muses' train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;
Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire:
So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:
Like their's, our friendship! and I boast my name
To thine united....for thy friendship's fame.

* Odyssey, lib. 16.

This labour past, of heav'nly subjects sing,
While hov'ring angels listen on the wing,
To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise,
As, when they sing, suspended hold the skies;
Or, nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws:
Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend;
To verse like thine fierce savages attend,
And men, more fierce: when Orpheus tunes the lay,
Even fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME.

TO MR. POPE,

ON THE PUBLISHING HIS WORKS.

HE comes, he comes! bid ev'ry bard prepare
The song of triumph, and attend his car.
Great Sheffield's muse the long procession heads,
And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads;
First gives the palm she fir'd him to obtain,
Crowns his gay brow, and shows him how to reign.

Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought:
Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
Pleas'd to behold the earnest of a god.
But hark! what shouts, what gath'ring crowds r
joice!
Unstain'd their praise by any venal voice,
Such as th' ambitious vainly think their due,
When prostitutes or needy flatt'rers sue.
And see the chief! before him laurels borne,
Trophies from undeserving temples torn:
Here rage enchain'd reluctant raves; and there
Pale Envy dumb, and sick'ning with despair;
Prone to the earth she bends her loathing eye,
Weak to support the blaze of majesty.
But what are they that turn the sacred page?
Three lovely virgins, and of equal age:
Intent they read, and all enamour'd seem,
As he that met his likeness in the stream:
The Graces these; and see how they contend,
Who most shall praise, who best shall recommend.
The chariot now the painful steep ascends;
The pæans cease; thy glorious labour ends.
Here fix'd, the bright eternal temple stands,
Its prospect an unbounded view commands.
Say, wond'rous youth, what column wilt thou chus
What laurel'd arch for thy triumphant muse?

Though each great ancient court thee to his shrine,
Though ev'ry laurel through the dome be thine,
(From the proud epic, down to those that shade
The gentler brow of the soft Lesbian maid,)
Go to the good and just, an awful train,
Thy soul's delight, and glory of the fane:
While through the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
"Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies."

SIMON HARCOURT.

TO MR. POPE.

From Rome, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard! for whom each muse has wove
The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove;
Preserv'd our drooping genius to restore,
When Addison and Congreve are no more;
After so many stars extinct in night,
The darken'd age's last remaining light!
To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
Inspir'd by memory of ancient wit:

For now no more these climes their influence boast,
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost:
From tyrants, and from priests, the Muses fly,
Daughters of Reason and of Liberty.
Nor Baiæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincia rove;
To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire,
And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
So in the shades, where, cheer'd with summer rays,
Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy Winter's inauspicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful silence saddens all the grove.
  Unhappy Italy! whose altered state
Has felt the worst severity of fate:
Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities desart, and her fields unsown;
But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled,
That there the scource of science flows no more,
Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before,
  Illustrious names! that once in Latium shin'd,
Born to instruct, and to command mankind;

's, by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd!
the traces you have left explore,
ashes visit, and your urns adore,
iss, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,
ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown;
e hallowed ruins better pleas'd to see
all the pomp of modern luxury.
late on Virgil's tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,
e with th' inspiring muse my bosom glow'd,
n'd with eternal bays, my ravish'd eyes
d the poet's awful form arise.
ger, he said, whose pious hand has paid
e grateful rites to my attentive shade,
a thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
ope this message from his master bear:
Great bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
hom I give my own harmonious lyre,
h exalted on the throne of Wit,
me and Homer, thou aspire to sit,
ore let meaner satire dim thy rays,
flow majestic from thy nobler bays;
the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,
hun that thorny, that unpleasing way;
when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
ess the least attractive of the Nine.

Of thee more worthy were the task to raise
A lasting column to thy country's praise;
To sing the land which yet alone can boast
That liberty corrupted Rome has lost;
Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
And plants her palm beneath the olive's shade.
Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
Such was the people whose exploits I sung;
Brave yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
With different bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd,
Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,
But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.

"If these commands submissive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live;
Envy to black Cocytus shall retire,
And howl with furies in tormenting fire;
Approving Time shall consecrate thy lays,
And join the patriot's to the poet's praise."

GEORGE LYTTLETON.

PASTORALS;

WITH A

DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL POETRY*.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1704.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius!

VIRGIL.

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called pastorals, nor a smaller, than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of poem; and it is my design to comprise, in this short paper, the substance of those numerous dissertations the critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour: you will also find some points reconciled about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks which, I think, have escaped their observation.

* Written at sixteen years of age. P.

The original of poetry is ascribed to that age which succeeded the creation of the world; and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably pastoral*. It is natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquility than any other rural employment, the poets chose to introduce their persons, from whom it received the name of pastoral.

A pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both†; the fable is simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy,

* Fontenelle's discourse on Pastorals. P.

† Heinsius in Theocr. P.

and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions, are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity*, brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy nature, it may be useful to take this idea along with us, that pastoral is an image of what they call the golden age: so that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been, when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet further, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life; and an air of piety to the gods should shine through the poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity; and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing: the connection should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short†, and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient that the sentences only be brief; the whole eclogue should be so too; for we cannot suppose poetry in those days to have

* Rapin de Carm. Past. p. 2. P.

† Rapin, Reflex. sur l' Art Poet d' Arist. p. 2. Refl. xxvii. P.

been the business of men, but their recreation at vi cant hours.

But, with a respect to the present age, nothin more conduces to make these composures natura than when some knowledge in rural affairs is disc vered*. This may be made to appear rather dor by chance than on design, and sometimes is be shown by inference; lest, by too much study to see natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whenc arises the delight. For what is inviting in this so of poetry proceeds not so much from the idea of th business, as of the tranquility of a country life.

We must therefore use some illusion to render pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing th best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealin its miseries†. Nor is it enough to introduce shep herds discoursing together in a natural way; but regard must be had to the subject; that it contai some particular beauty in itself, and that it be diff rent in every eclogue. Besides, in each of them a de signed scene or prospect is to be presented to ou view, which should likewise have its variety‡. Thi variety is obtained [redacted] a great degree, by frequen comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable object

* Pres. to Virg. Past. in Dryd. Virg. P.

† Fontenelle's Disc. of Pastorals. P.

‡ See the fore-mentioned Preface. P.

of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and, lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of pastoral: and since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil, the only undisputed authors of pastoral, that the critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers * and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the cup, in the first Pastoral, is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective; for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclined to rusticity: for in-

* ΘΕΡΙΣΤΑΙ, Idyl. x, and ΑΛΙΕΙΣ, Idyl. xxi. P.

stance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But it is enough that all others learned their excellencies from him, and that his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original; and, in all points where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such, they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to *. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which, perhaps, was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable genius appears in the famous Tasso and our Spenser. Tasso, in his Aminta, has as far excelled all the pastoral writers, as, in his Gierusalemme, he has outdone the epic poets of his country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the pastoral comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's Calendar, in Mr.

* Rapin Refl. on Arist. part ii, Refl. xxvii—Pref. to the Ecl. in Dryden's Virg. P.

Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil*. Not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients: he is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as the Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old poets. His stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough; for the Tetrastic has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; though, notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his dialect; for the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons: whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity,

† Dedication to Virg. Ecl. P.

744249

so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a calendar to his eclogues is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human life to the several seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his pastorals into months has obliged him either to repeat the same description in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass that some of his eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral; that they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's: that, in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard

to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But, after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old authors, whose works, as I had leisure to study, so, I hope, I have not wanted care to imitate.

SPRING.

PASTORAL I,

OR,

DAMON.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBALL.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
Fair Thames! flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian muses sing;
Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.
You that, too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost!
O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:
So when the nightingale to rest removes,
The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
[redacted] the aerial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two swains, whom love kept wakeful, and the Muse,
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair:
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

Daph. Hear how the birds on every bloomy spray
With joyous music wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing,
When warbling philomel salutes the spring?
Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year!

Steph. Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While yon slow oxen turn the furrowed plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
I'll stake yon lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

Daph. And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;

And what is that which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie!

Dam. Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring;
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground:
Begin, the vales shall every note rebound.

Streph. Inspire me, Phœbus! in my Delia's praise,
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays:
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threats a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

Daph. O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes:
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart;
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

Streph. Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

Daph. The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

Strepb. O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield:
Feed here, my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

Daph. Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves:
If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor shade.

Strepb. All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

Daph. All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquished nature seems to charm no more.

Strepb. In spring the fields, in autumn hills I lo
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove;
But Delia always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

Daph. Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day:
Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here;
But bless'd with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

Streph. Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears
A wond'rous tree, that sacred monarchs bears?
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

Daph. Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields
The thistle springs, to which the lily yields;
And then a nobler prize I will resign,
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

Dam. Cease to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
Blest swains, whose nymphs in ev'ry grace excel!
Blest nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so well!
Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs;
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around,
For see! the gathering flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

PASTORAL II,

OR,

ALEXIS.

TO DR. GARTH.

A SHEPHERD's boy, he seeks no better name,
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naiads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove consented in a silent show'r.
Accept, O Garth, the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From love, the sole disease thou can'st not cure.
Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing,
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay;
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal Winter reigns.
Where stray ye, Muses! in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before.
Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew:
Ah, wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces shear:
But nigh yon mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death.
He said, Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:

But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made, by some transforming power,
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng;
Rough satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song:
The nymphs, forsaking every cave and spring,
Their early fruit and milk-white turtles bring!
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design,
And in one garland all their beauties join:
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending gods have found Elysium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from shearing seek their nightly bow'rs
When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And, crown'd with corn, their thanks to Ceres yield
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.

Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew;
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.
Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade:
Where'er you tread the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above.
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!
But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
Ye Gods! and is there no relief for love?
But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends:
On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

AUTUMN.

PASTORAL III,

OR,

HYLAS AND ÆGON.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

BENEATH the shade a spreading beech display
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays:
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love,
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring,
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

Thou whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence, and Meander's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charm
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms
Oh, skill'd in nature! see the hearts of swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores,
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
For her the feather'd choirs neglect their song;
For her the limes their pleasing shades deny;
For her the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing;
Ye trees, that fade when autumn heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love?
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay:
Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all but she.
What have I said? Where'er my Delia flies,
Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise!
Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.

Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to lab'rers faint with pain,
Not show'rs to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah! why this long delay?
Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
Delia each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy soothes my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes!....Now cease my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!
Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admir'd:
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:
Here where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies;
While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat;
While curling smokes from village tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon poplar oft we pass'd the day:
Oft on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:

The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain;
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove;
Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey."
Ah! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep?
Pan came, and ask'd, What magic caus'd my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but her's, alas, have pow'r to move?
And is there magic but what dwells in love?
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains;
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world....but Love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tygers fed;
Thou wert from Etna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day!

One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains:
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!
Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd every shade.

WINTER.

PASTORAL IV,

OR,

DAPHNE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. TEMPEST.

Lycidas.

THYRSIS! the music of that murm'ring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing;
Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
Whilst silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

Thyr. Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?

Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

Lyc. So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said, "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!"
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

Thyr. Ye gentle Muses, leave your chrystal spring;
Let nymphs and sylvans cypress garlands bring:
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your boughs, as when Adonis died;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:
"Let Nature change, let heaven and earth deplore;
"Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!"
'Tis done, and Nature's various charms decay;
See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day!
Now hung with pearls the drooping trees appear,
Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie;
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
Ah! what avail the beauties Nature wore?
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood,
The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
In notes more sad than when they sing their own;
In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;
Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore;
Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies,
Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
The balmy zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;
Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store;
Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall, list'ning in mid air, suspend their wings;
No more the birds shall imitate her lays,
Or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear;
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more!

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;

The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate re-murmur to the silver flood;
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds, and trees, and floods, her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief, our glory, now no more!
But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the starry sky!
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There, while you rest in amaranthyne bow'rs,
Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our goddess, and our grief no more!

Lyc. Now all things listen, while thy muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

Thyr. But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews;
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay;
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and groves;
Adieu, ye shepherds' rural lays and loves;
Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye sylvan crew;
Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE,

IN

IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more. O thou my voice inspire
Who touched Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' ætherial Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye Heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!

The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe! be born.
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring;
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance;
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim th' approaching deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and ye vallies rise;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:

'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.

The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn!
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet;
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;

See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

WINDSOR FOREST.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

Non injussa cano: te nostræ, [illegible], myricæ,
Te nemus omne canet: nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.

VIRGIL.

THY forest, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the monarch's and the Muses' seats,
Invite my lays. [illegible]present, sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands; your aid, O Muses, bring:
What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing?
The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast i spir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.

Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like, together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd;
Where order in variety we see,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day:
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address,
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
There interspers'd lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each others' shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend;
There wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
E'en the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That, crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber of the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Tho' gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.

See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd;
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground;
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell a Stuart reigns.
Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
A dreary desert and a gloomy waste;
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and severe than they;
Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods;
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves.)
What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
And e'en the elements a tyrant sway'd?
In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain:
The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
Both doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled;
But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed.
Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man;

Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes;
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar;
Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill the sacred choirs.
Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons curst,
Th' oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
And serv'd alike his vassals and his God.
Whom e'en the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his sport remain.
But see the man, who spacious regions gave
A waste for beasts, himself denied a grave!
Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
At once the chaser, and at once the prey:
Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects' cries,
Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise:
Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread;

The forest wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
And secret transports touch'd the conscious swain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's goddess, rears
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.
Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new shorn fields the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey;
Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
'Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty blest,
Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;
Sudden they seize th' amaz'd defenceless prize,
And in high air Britannia's standard flies.
See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.

Ah! what avails his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?
Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo.)
With slaught'ring guns th' unweary'd fowler roves,
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves,
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death:
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.
In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.

Our plenteous streams a various race supply;
The bright-ey'd perch, with fins of Tyrian dye;
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd;
The yellow carp, in scales bedropped with gold;
Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains;
And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car,
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the op'ning hound.
Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein,
And, pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
And ere he starts a thousand steps are lost.
See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
Rush through the thickets, down the vallies sweep,
Hang o'er the coursers' heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin train:
Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
As bright a goddess, and as chaste a queen;
Whose care, like her's, protects the sylvan reign,
The earth's far light, and empress of the main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old, Diana stray'd,
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade;

Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.
Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent and the golden zone.
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
It chanc'd, as eager of the chace, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd:
Pan saw and lov'd, and, burning with desire,
Pursu'd her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky:
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves,
As from the god she flew with furious pace,
Or as the god, more furious, urg'd the chace.
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind his sounding steps she hears;

And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain:
"Ah, Cynthia! ah, though banish'd from thy train,
"Let me, O let me to the shades repair,
"My native shades....there weep, and murmur there."
She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies;
The wat'ry landscape of the pendant woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green.
Thro' the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.

Thou, too, great father of the British floods!
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods;
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear.
Not Neptune's self from all his streams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
Nor Po so swells the fabling poets' lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly gods;
Nor all his stars above a lustre show
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below;
Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal passions still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
His sov'reign favours, and his country loves:
Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
Whom nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires;
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease.
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields:
With chemic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs:

Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er:
Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wise and good,
T'observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
To follow Nature, and regard his end;
Or looks on Heaven with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confess her home!
Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
Thus Atticus, and Trumball thus retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens;
To Thames's banks, which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill.
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow.)
I seem through consecrated walks to rove,
I hear soft music die along the grove:
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By godlike poets venerable made:

Here his first lays majestic Denham sung;
There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue,
O early lost! what tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks was led!
His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,
And on his willows hung each muse's lyre.
Since Fate relentless stopp'd their heavenly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice:
Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley strung
His living harp, and lofty Denham sung?
But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
Are these reviv'd, or is it Granville sings?
'Tis yours, my lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the Muses to their ancient seats;
To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,
To crown the forests with immortal greens:
Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star.
Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:

Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.
Oh wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down through every age,
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressy's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal shield:
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.
Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
And, fast beside him, once fear'd Edward sleeps;
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main.
The grave unites; where e'en the great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' opprest!
Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
(Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone.)
Oh fact accurs'd! what tears has Albion shed!
Heav'ns! what new wounds! and how her old have bled!

She saw her sons with purple death expire,
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.
At length great Anna said, " Let discord cease !"
She said ; the world obey'd, and all was peace !
In that blest moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his reverend head ;
His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam :
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His swelling waters, and alternate tides ;
The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
And on her banks Augusta rose in gold.
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
Who swell with tributary urns his flood :
First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame :
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd ;
The Lodden slow, with verdant alders crown'd ;
Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave ;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave :
The blue, transparent Vandalis appears ;
The gulphy Lee his sedgy tresses rears ;
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood ;
And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind,)
The god appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windsor's domes and pompous turrets rise;
Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.
Hail, sacred peace! hail, long expected days,
That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
Though Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
From heav'n itself though sevenfold Nilus flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train;
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
No more my sons shall dye with British blood
Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace;
The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.

Behold th' ascending villas on my side,
Project long shadows o'er the chrystal tide;
Behold! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase,
And temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend!
There mighty nations shall enquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come;
There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a British queen.
Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their woods,
And half thy forests rush into the floods,
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display
To the bright regions of the rising day;
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide;

Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side,
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
Till conquest cease, and slav'ry be no more;
Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves;
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
Exil'd by thee, from earth to deepest hell,
In brazen bonds, shall barb'rous Discord dwell:
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition, shall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance, bath'd in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hated Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here cease thy flight, nor, with unhallow'd lays,
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of gods let Granville's verse recite,
And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light.

My humble muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,
Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

THE ARGUMENT.

Phaon, a youth of exquisite beauty, was deeply enamoured of Sappho, a lady of Lesbos, from whom he met with the tenderest returns of passion: but his affection afterwards decaying, he left her, and sailed for Sicily. She, unable to bear the loss of her lover, hearkened to all the mad suggestions of despair; and seeing no other remedy for her present miseries, resolved to throw herself into the sea, from Leucate, a promontory of Epirus, which was thought a cure in cases of obstinate love, and therefore had obtained the name of the Lover's Leap. But before she ventured upon this last step, entertaining still some fond hopes that she might be able to reclaim her inconstant, she wrote him this epistle, in which she gives him a strong picture of her distress and misery, occasioned by his absence, and endeavours, by all the artful insinuations and moving expressions she is mistress of, to soothe him to softness and a mutual feeling. [Anon.]

SAY, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?

Ask not the cause that I new numbers chuse,
The lute neglected, and the lyric muse;
Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
And tun'd my heart to elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn
By driving winds the spreading flames are borne!
Phaon to Etna's scorching fields retires,
While I consume with more than Etna's fires!
No more my soul a charm in music finds;
Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.
Soft scenes of solitude no more can please;
Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
No more the Lesbian dames my passions move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
All other loves are lost in only thine,
Oh youth, ungrateful to a flame like mine!
Whom would not all those blooming charms surprise,
Those heavenly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear:
Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare:
Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame;
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
Than ev'n those gods contend in charms with thee.

The Muses teach me all their softest lays,
And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.
Though great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
No less renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire.
To me what Nature has in charms deny'd,
Is well by wit's more lasting flames supply'd.
Though short my stature, yet my name extends
To heaven itself, and earth's remotest ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspir'd young Perseus with a gen'rous flame.
Turtles and doves of diff'rent hues unite,
And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canst be mov'd,
Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you center'd all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove;
For oh! how vast a memory has love!
My music, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were music to your ear.
You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,
And found my kisses sweeter than my song.

In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best;
And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd,
'Till, all dissolving, in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures died away.
The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame:
Why was I born, ye Gods! a Lesbian dame?
But ah, beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boast
That wand'ring heart which I so lately lost;
Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,
Those tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains.
Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
And still increase the woes so soon begun?
Inur'd to sorrow from my tender years,
My parents' ashes drank my early tears;
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame:
An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
Alas! what more could Fate itself impose,
But thee, the last and greatest of my woes?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the sparkling di'monds glow;

No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
The costly sweetness of Arabian dews,
Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind,
That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind:
For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?
He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please!
Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
Still is there cause for Sappho still to love:
So from my birth the Sisters fix'd my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come;
Or while my muse in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
By charms like thine which all my soul have won,
Who might not....ah! who would not be undone?
For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.
For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep.
Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
O useful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return, receive,
And take, at least, the love you will not give.

See while I write, my words are lost in tears!
The less my sense, the more my love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
(At least to feign was never hard to you:)
Farewell, my Lesbian love, you might have said;
Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Lesbian maid!
No tear did you, no parting kiss receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
No charge I give you, and no charge could give,
But this, be mindful of your loves, and live.
Now by the Nine, those powers ador'd by me,
And Love, the god that ever waits on thee,
When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood,
Grief chill'd my breast, and stopt my freezing blood
No sigh to rise, no tear had pow'r to flow,
Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe:
But when its way th' impetuous passion found,
I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound;
I rave, then weep; I curse, and then complain;
Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
Whose first-born infant feeds the funeral flame.

My scornful brother with a smile appears,
Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears;
His hated image ever haunts my eyes;
And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.
Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
All torn my garments, and my bosom bare,
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
Such inconsistent things are love and shame!
'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night:
Oh night, more pleasing than the brightest day,
When Fancy gives what Absence takes away;
And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine;
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:
A thousand tender words I hear and speak;
A thousand melting kisses give and take:
Then fiercer joys I blush to mention these,
Yet, while I blush, confess how much they please.
But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy but I,
As if once more forsaken I complain,
And close my eyes to dream of you again:
Then frantic rise, and like some fury rove
Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the silent grove,

As if the silent grove and lonely plains,
That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
I view the grotto, once the scene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone.
I find the shades that veil'd our joys before;
But, Phaon gone, these shades delight no more.
Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay:
I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their songs till they return:
Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie,
All but the mournful Philomel and I:
With mournful Philomel I join my strain:
Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below:
A flow'ry lotos spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove;
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watch'd by the sylvan genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood,
Before my sight a wat'ry virgin stood:

She stood and cried, " O you that love in vain !
" Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main :
" There stands a rock from whose impending steep
" Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep ;
" There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
" Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
" Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
" In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd :
" But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
" Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
" Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadio throw
" Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below !"
She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice....I rise,
And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye nymphs ! these rocks and seas to prove ;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love !
I go, ye nymphs ! where furious love inspires ;
Let female fears submit to female fires.
To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And softly lay me on the waves below !
And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,
Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane !
On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
And this inscription shall be plac'd below :

" Here she who sung to him that did inspire,
" Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her lyre.
" What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee;
" The gift, the giver, and the god agree."
But why, alas! relentless youth, ah why
To distant seas must tender Sappho fly?
Thy charms than those may far more pow'rful be,
And Phœbus' self is less a god to me.
Ah! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea?
Oh far more faithless and more hard than they!
Ah! canst thou rather see this tender breast
Dash'd on these rocks, than to thy bosom press'd?
This breast which once, in vain! you lik'd so well;
Where the loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell.
Alas! the Muses now no more inspire;
Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre;
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.
Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
No more these hands shall touch the trembling string:
My Phaon's fled, and I these arts resign,
(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song:

Absent from thee the poet's flame expires;
But ah! how fiercely burns the lover's fires!
Gods! can no pray'rs, no sighs, no numbers move
One savage heart, or teach it how to love?
The winds my pray'rs, my sighs, my numbers bear,
The flying winds have lost them all in air!
Oh when, alas! shall more auspicious gales
To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails?
If you return....ah, why these long delays?
Poor Sappho dies, while careless Phaon stays.
O launch thy bark, nor fear the wat'ry main;
Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
O launch thy bark, secure of prosp'rous gales;
Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
If you will fly....yet ah! what cause can be,
Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?
If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
Ah let me seek it from the raging seas:
To raging seas unpitied I'll remove,
And either cease to live or cease to love!

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

THE ARGUMENT.

Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century: they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion. P.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?

Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love:....from Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.
Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips, in holy silence seal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:
O write it not, my hand....the name appears
Already written....wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns, shagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not heav'n's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.

Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame;
There died the best of passions, love and fame.

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid:
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart.

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.
Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous mind.
Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd; heav'n listen'd while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.
How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove:
Fame, wealth, and honour, what are you to Love?
The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,

And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love:
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh, happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss, if bliss on earth there be,
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloise? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?

Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heaven scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace or zeal, love only was my call;
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come, with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
Give all thou canst....and let me dream the rest.
Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes;
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.
Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
And paradise was open'd in the wild.

No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited Heaven;
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls (their day's eternal bound)
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light,
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' pray'rs I try,
(O pious fraud of am'rous charity!)
But why should I on others' pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;

No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid;
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding isles and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence and a dread repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
And here, e'en then, shall my cold dust remain;
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.
Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
Assist me, Heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety or from despair?
Ev'n here, where frozen Chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view;
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new:

Now turn'd to Heav'n I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?
Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain....do all things but forget!
But let Heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself....and you:
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
"Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep;"

Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n:
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins hymenæals sing;
To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy:
When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what Vengeance snatch'd away,
Then Conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
Oh curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking dæmons all restraint remove,
And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.

To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
Ye soft allusions, dear deceits arise!
Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps,
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the Fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspence from pleasure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirits bid the waters flow;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n,
And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold....yet Eloisa loves.
Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view?
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,

Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee;
Thy image steals between my God and me;
Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight;
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye;
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul;
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to Heav'n; dispute my heart;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes,
Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears;
Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God.

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll:

Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes and tempting looks, (which yet I view,)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O Grace serene! O Virtue, heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!
See in her cell sad Eloisa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead,
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
"Come, sister, come!" it said or seemed to say;
"Thy place is here, sad sister, come away.
"Once, like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd;
"Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid:
"But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
"Here Grief forgets to groan, and Love to weep;
"Ev'n Superstition loses every fear:
"For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."

I come, I come! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow.
Thou, Abelard, the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
Ah, no; in sacred vestments mayst thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once lov'd Eloisa see;
It will be then no crime to gaze on me;
See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
'Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath be o'er,
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
Oh Death, all-eloquent! you only prove
What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.
Then too, when Fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy,)
In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round;
From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
If ever Chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
"Oh may we never love as these have lov'd!"
From the full choir when loud hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our sad relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heaven,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And sure if Fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,
Let him our sad, our tender story tell;
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost;
He best can paint 'em who shall feel them most.

TWO CHORUSES

TO THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought;
Groves, where immortal sages taught;
Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus' lay inspir'd!
In vain your guiltless laurels stood
Unspotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses' shades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

O heav'n-born sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral Truth and mystic Song!

To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
When wild barbarians spurn her dust,
Perhaps e'en Britain's utmost shore
Shall cease to blush with strangers' gore:
See arts her savage sons controul,
And Athens rising near the pole!
'Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madness tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball?
Freedom and arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
Oh curst effects of civil hate,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state!
Still, when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

OH tyrant Love! hast thou possest
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast?
Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
Love, soft intruder, enters here,
But ent'ring learns to be sincere.
Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
And Brutus tenderly rèproves.
Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire
Which Nature hath imprest?
Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
The mild and gen'rous breast?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the gods approve;
The gods and Brutus bend to love:
Brutus for absent Porcia sighs,
And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.

What is loose love? a transient gust,
Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
A vapour fed from wild desire,
A wand'ring, self-consuming fire.
But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
And burn for ever one;
Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh, source of ev'ry social tie,
United wish, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As son, as father, brother, husband, friend!
Whether his hoary sire he spies,
While thousand grateful thoughts arise;
Or meets his spouse's fonder eye,
Or views his smiling progeny;
What tender passions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move!
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With rev'rence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmises,
Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,
Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises,
Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine.
Purest love's unwasting treasure,
Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
Days of ease, and nights of pleasure;
Sacred Hymen! these are thine.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF

AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghost along the moon-light shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!....but why that bleeding bosom gor'd?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs, her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.

Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.
From these, perhaps, ere Nature bade her die,
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below,
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death:
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates;
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way,)
Lo! these were they whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.

Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.
What can atone, oh ever injur'd shade!
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow,
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle bus'ness at one gasp be o'er,
The muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

PROLOGUE

TO

MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF CATO.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age.
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love:
In pitying love we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.

Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws;
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No, common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state,
As her dead father's rev'rend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
Britons! attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued;
Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation and Italian song:

Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone should win a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE

TO MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

DESIGNED FOR MRS. OLDFIELD.

PRODIGIOUS this! the frail-one of our play
From her own sex should mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aside,
Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cried,
The play may pass....but that strange creature, Shore,
I can't....indeed now....I so hate a whore....
Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless scull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
"How strangely you expose yourself, my dear!"
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
And, did not wicked custom so contrive,
We'd be the best good-natur'd things alive.
There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;

Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In some close corner of the soul they sin;
Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice.
The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
Would you enjoy soft nights, and solid dinners?
Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sinners.
Well, if our author in the wife offends,
He has a husband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving;
And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows;
Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse:
Plu....Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?
Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his wife:
Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,
He'd recommend her as a special breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would scruple make;
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
Tho' with the stoic chief our stage may ring,
The stoic husband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country....but what's that to you?
Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might instruct the City:

There many an honest man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.
If, after all, you think it a disgrace,
That Edward's miss thus perks it in your face;
To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
In all the rest so impudently good;
Faith, let the modest matrons of the town
Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1711.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's House of Fame. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own: yet could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third book of Fame, there being nothing in the two first books that answer to their title. [P.]

IN that soft season when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings,)

A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And, join'd, this intellectual sense compose.
I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies,
The whole creation open to my eyes:
In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks and empty wastes were seen,
There tow'ry cities, and the forests green:
Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes;
There trees and intermingled temples rise:
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.
O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shore:
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way:
The wond'rous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone:
Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile Time subdu'd;
Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
And poets once had promis'd they should last.

Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
But felt the approaches of too warm a sun;
For fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Nor more by envy than excess of praise.
Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel,
Like crystal faithful to the graving steel:
The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
There names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past,
From Time's first birth, with Time itself shall last;
These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of Frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky;
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.

On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
Of various structure, but of equal grace:
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.
Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace;
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone.
Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mould,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld.
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield:
There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil:
Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound,
Start from their roots, and form a shade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire!

Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
The domes swell up, the wid'ning arches bend,
The growing tow'rs like exhalations rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.
The eastern front was glorious to behold,
With di'mond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Persian name:
There in long robes the royal Magi stand,
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand;
The sage Chaldeans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd.
These stop'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd shades,
To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;
Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
And airy spectres skim before their eyes;
Of talismans and sigils knew the pow'r,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science to be good.
But on the south, a long majestic race
Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,
Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.

High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew:
His hand a bow and pointed jav'lin hold;
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.
Of Gothic structure was the northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride.
There huge Colossus rose, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were grav'd around:
There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There, on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
Druids and bards (their once loud harps unstrung,)
And youths that died to be by poets sung.
These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face;
The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall
For thus romantic Fame increases all.
The temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold,

Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
The friezes gold, and gold the capitals:
And heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
The sage historians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within stood heroes, who, through loud alarms,
In bloody fields pursu'd renown in arms.
High on a throne, with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The youth that all things but himself subdu'd:
His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head bely'd the Libyan god.
There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas, shone;
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
Unmov'd, superior still in ev'ry state,
And scarce detested in his country's fate.
But chief were those who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's safety bought:
High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state,
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;

And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.

Much-suff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
Those of less noisy and less guilty fame,
Fair Virtue's silent train: supreme of these
Here ever shines the god-like Socrates;
He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell:
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the last of Spartan names:
Unconquer'd Cato shows the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the first the mighty Homer shone,
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verse! in holy fillets drest,
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast;
Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillars seen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen:
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall;
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.

Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;
A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.
A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unwearied art:
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate,
Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate;
On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre;
Eneas bending with his aged sire;
Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
Arms and the man in golden cyphers shone.
Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight:
Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring god.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.

The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run ;
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone ;
The champions in distorted postures threat,
And all appear'd irregularly great.
Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire ;
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic muse.
The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace,
A work outlasting monumental brass.
Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian star, and great Augustus here :
The doves that round the infant poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his head.
Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite ;
His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his sides surround ;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.
With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne :
Gath'ring his royal robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies;
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height:
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies show their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
With various colour'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;
But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.
With her, the temple ev'ry moment grew,
And ampler vistas open'd to my view:
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long isles extend.
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;
A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,
A thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.

Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine;
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string;
With Time's first birth began the heav'nly lays,
And last, eternal, through the length of days.

Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,
And all the nations summon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddess bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same:
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd;
Unlike successes equal merits found.

Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.
First at the shrine the learned world appear,
And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r.
Long have we sought t' instruct and please mankind,
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne:
On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
For fame is all we must expect below.

The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal praise:
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud,
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud:
By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread;
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address'd the sacred fane.
Since living virtue is with envy curst,
And the best men are treated like the worst,

Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,
(Said Fame,) but high above desert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Preferr'd the same request, and lowly bow'd;
The constant tenor of whose well-spent days
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
But straight the direful trump of Slander sounds:
Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report through ev'ry region flies,
In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,
And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke:
The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
For thee (they cried) amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to empire through the purple flood.

Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own,
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! the Queen reply'd, and frown'd,
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen,
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
Great Idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!
But safe in deserts from th' applause of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen;
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness which themselves requite.
O let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue e'en for virtue's sake.
And live there men who slight immortal fame?
Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath;
These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
She said: in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;

So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,
Ev'n list'ning angels lean'd from heav'n to hear:
To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.
Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress'd:
Hither, they cried, direct your eyes, and see
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits, and address the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd every maid:
Of unknown duchesses lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.
The Queen assents; the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a lady's honour dies.
Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers prest
Around the shrine, and made the same request.
What, you (she cried), unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigu'd with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days,
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?

To just contempt, ye vain pretenders! fall,
The people's fable, and the scorn of all.
Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run through all the crowd.

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels, and dark politics;
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks that seem to set the world on fire.
At the dread sound pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown
Straight chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the throne.
Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
Its sight uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound:
Not less in number were the spacious doors
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;

Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way,
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here.

As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes,
The trembling surface by the motion stirr'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance:
Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break
On neighb'ring air, a soft impression make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Through undulating air the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store,
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,

Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state.
The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great,
Of old mismanagements, taxations new,
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.
  Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away,
Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Astrologers, that future fates foreshew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And priests, and party-zealots, num'rous bands;
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands,
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
They flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too;
In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance,
Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Thro' thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And rush in millions on the world below.
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
Their date determines, and prescribes their force:
Some to remain, and some to perish soon,
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around a thousand winged wonders fly,
Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd through the sky.
There, at one passage, oft you might survey
A lie and truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue through the narrow vent:
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now the truth and lie;
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.
While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear,
What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?
'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of fame?
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.

How vain that second life in others' breath,
Th' estate which wits inherit after death!
Ease, health, and life, for this they must res
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)
The great man's curse, without the gains, e
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckless wits their enemies profest,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase costs so dear a price,
As soothing folly, or exalting vice;
Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where Fortune leads the wa
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;
Then teach me, Heav'n! to scorn the guilty
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown:
Oh! grant an honest fame, or grant me non

END OF VOLUME I.

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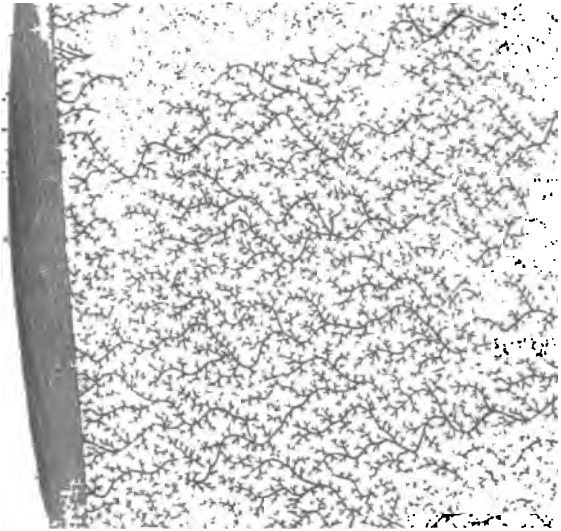
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